

EN-ACTORS, How to Fuck Up Parking Meters, Rennie Davis, Eldridge on Bobby, Alcatraz, & more

ANN ARBOR



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**This Man is a
Revolutionary
see p. 2**

What have they done to the earth
What have they done to our fair sister
Ravaged and plundered
And ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives in the
Side of the Dawn
Tied her with fences
And dragged her down

Doors 1966

By BOB KUNDUS

On Wednesday 11 March 14,000 people gathered in the University basketball stadium for a program about the "pollution problem" and to hear crazed ukeleleist Arthur Godfrey kick 'em out. At least 5000 internal combustion automobiles were parked outside [Arthur drove an electric car.]

There are a lot of two and three car households in Ann Arbor. The "mass transit system" consists of smelly diesel fuel burning busses and isn't all that massive. Consequently it has little momentum [momentum equals mass times velocity] and so will probably die again soon.

The Environmental Teach-In was five days of unceasing input. Every room was somebody on a stage, so that the week became one big lecture hall with billions of words and thousands of images. Comedian Eddie Albert, billed in the program as a conservationist, said, "We're not conservationists any more, we're human survivalists."

I can relate to that. Ever since I could walk, the United States has had the capability for wiping out life everywhere. That capability, although real, was rejected out of hand. If it happens, nothing else matters. To live is to survive.

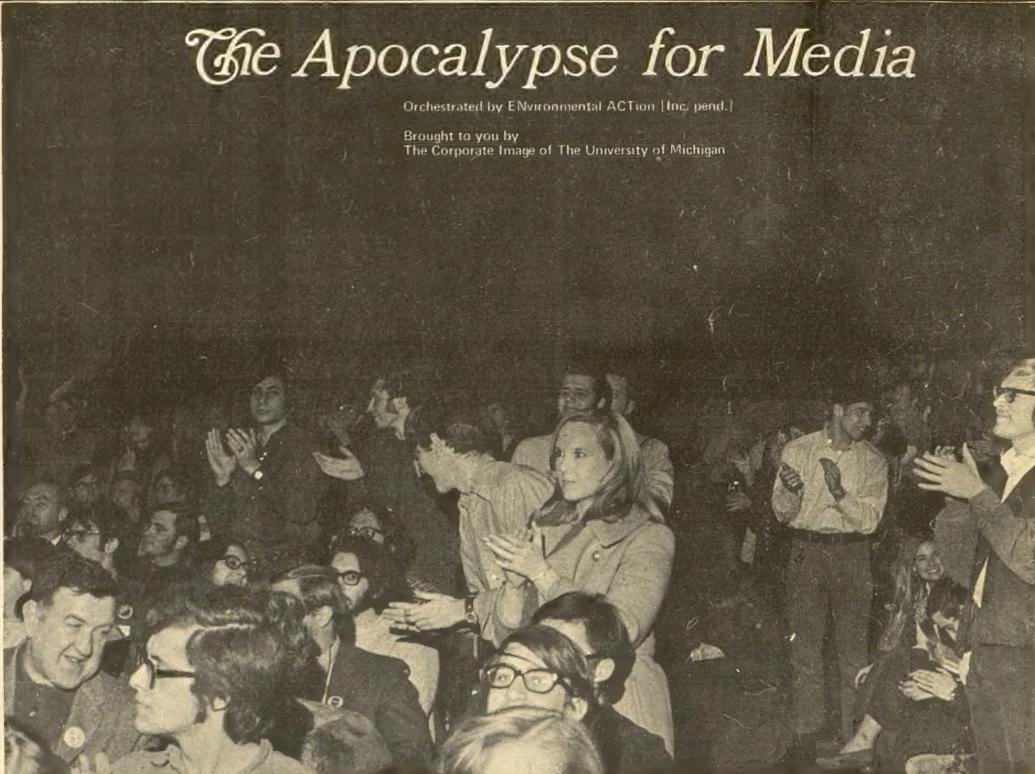
Too many of the young green environmentalists at the Teach-In seemed to think that they had discovered the issue of survival for the first time anywhere. *Man, it's cathartic! It'll bring everybody together.*

"Getting together and talking about these matters gives us a feeling of belonging once again to the human race together with the Russians and the Chinese, with both Dave Dellinger and Mayor Daley of Chicago." [Anatol Rapoport, University professor of Mathematical Biology and Social Research.]

A lot of people did feel that way, but that's not the reality, as Dr. Rapoport went on to point out. But the issue of survival is that blinding. The ubiquitous non-verbal symbol of the ecology movement (Θ) may, by resembling a closed eye, be saying a bit more than its designer, Ron Cobb, intended.

White people who have lived through the Depression and/or the War, which includes nearly everyone that spoke, have survived the greatest crisis they'll ever really have to face. They were saved by the Protestant Ethic and the Technology. From their heaven on earth they will never be able to relate to the deterioration of life quality on anything near the emotional level felt by the War Babies and the TV Children or anyone else born since.

They will never be able to make the psychological or moral changes that even they may see to be necessary before any real "solution" can begin. Probably the greatest contribution they could make to environmental quality, except for any hard information



they can pass on, would be to become fertilizer. But they will probably all have themselves buried in cement vaults.

Lectures about how we can save the environment and the system were rampant. The most emphatic speakers on this point were Walter Reuther, President of the United Auto Workers, Ted Doan, President of Dow Chemical Company [who had a remarkable tan for claiming to be from Midland, Michigan] and Charles Luce, Chairman of the Board of Consolidated Edison, New York City.

Although they had many supporters in their three separate audiences, they all experienced some difficulty in being heard. Whenever Luce took the mike, compulsive coughing would break out all over the auditorium.

Many attempts were also made to inflict upon the people the idea that industry can straighten things out but won't unless forced to by public pressure or something. *We need law and order!* Although nobody said it in those words.

Victor Yannacone comes on as a people's lawyer, and his philosophy is, "Don't just sit there and bitch, sue somebody!" He is currently arguing a \$30 billion reparations suit against the manufacturers of DDT. It is filed as a class action on behalf of "all the citizens of the United States and those generations yet unborn."

[If he wins I wonder if I'll get my money.]

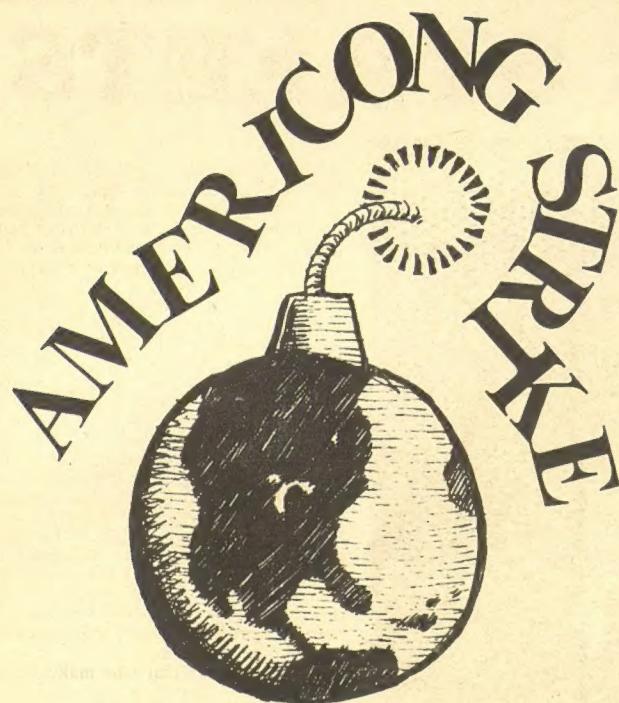
At least he understands some of the gravity of the situation when he claims that "Litigation is civilization's answer to revolution...As long as the door to the courtroom remains open, the door to the streets will remain closed." Since the Conspiracy Trial, and in spite of alleged differences between criminal and civil cases, I just cannot find any faith to place in the courts.

Perhaps there is still another reason why the environment has become a dominant theme of public discussion in the last couple of years, especially in the United States. It helps keep people's attention riveted on our government's sins of omission instead of its sins of commission...

"At any rate the ENACT Teach-In is not likely to draw flak from the powers that be, as did similar convocations that originated at this University and were originally called teach-ins—the protests against United States aggression in Southeast Asia."

Right on again, Anatol!

On the same night that Bill Milliken, president of a Michigan department store chain and colonial governor, was trying to capitalize on all this youthful enthusiasm by suggesting some sort of Ecology Rangers [Green Panthers?] to be organized along the lines of the Peace Corps and those other federal field hands, the Michigan legislature passed a resolution commanding



Pignation is being ripped apart literally at its seams as people are moving into a high level of struggle—Viet Cong support tactics. The Americong blew up the New York office buildings of AT&T, IBM, and Mobil Oil in the first offensive last week. The next wave centered on the capital of pignation, Washington, D.C. as the "Celebrity Club," posh hangout for the Nixon lackeys, was demolished. Then the Justice Department, home of John and Martha Mitchell, was evacuated because of a bomb threat.

In Pittsburgh an explosion destroyed a jewelry store and damaged more than 20 other shops in the downtown ritz section. In Appleton, Wisc., home of Lawrence University, whose president, Curtis Tarr, became the new General Hershey last week, fire swept along the outside wall of the ROTC building. At Appleton West High School, incendiary devices were thrown through the windows of a classroom and a faculty room.

On 13 March, New York City alone received 336 bomb scares between midnight and 11 a.m.—a rate of 10 threats an hour, and the city was left in complete chaos. Included in the bomb threats were the GE office building [and a GE plant in Newark], and the federal courthouse in Brooklyn.

At New York's George Washington High School 4500 pupils were in classes when molotov cocktails exploded throughout the school. The United Nations had to be evacuated because of a bomb threat. In Dayton, Ohio, 2700 workers at the main plant of National Cash Register were sent home while

police searched for a bomb, which the caller said had been planted to protest the Vietnam war. San Francisco City Hall was searched by police after an anonymous threat to the switchboard operator.

The list goes on and on—Boston, Seattle, Albany, Cincinnati, and of course, Cambridge, Maryland, where Rap Brown, currently on trial and very much alive, was charged with "inciting to riot."

Ann Arbor and Detroit have had a share of the action, too. Early morning Saturday, 13 March, guerrillas trashed the Ann Arbor draft board, board No. 85, overturning file cabinets and destroying records. As of Sunday morning, Ann Arbor police were still combing the area for bombs. And LithoCrafters printing plant on Jackson Road was evacuated after a bomb threat, which proved to be just that.

Early last week in Detroit, 36 sticks of dynamite were found at one of the precinct stations, and 10 sticks at the racist Detroit Police Officers' Association Headquarters. Neither exploded. The low-level approach the would-be saboteurs used—a cigarette to set off the fuse—turned what could have been the best action in the country into a victory for the police, who have since really intensified their security.

Wednesday morning, 11 March, three Detroit White Panthers, led by David Gaynes, were stopped en route to gun practice by the pigs, held for a few hours while being told they were being held for "attempted bombing" [of what when where they didn't specify], then

Robben Fleming [who?] and ENACT for their fine blah blah oink oink oink.

It was printed in two colors, framed, and presented the next night by State Senator Gilbert Bursley, Ann Arbor, who is named after the University's newest dormitory. He also said they were going to print a couple hundred copies to lay on schools that will be having environmental teach-ins next month.

There were a lot of politicians and they all said the same thing. I can't recall particularly what that was, but I think it had something to do with "priorities." One could distinguish the representatives of the various levels of government by their relative rhetorical expertise, with U.S. Senators Gaylord Nelson and Edmund Muskie agreeing most eloquently with most of the people most of the time.

The Teach-In was honored with the presence for three hours of the Subcommittee on Conservation and Natural Resources of the House Committee on Government Operations for a real, on-the-record Congressional hearing concerning "Student attitudes toward environmental issues." The students' attitude toward the Congress was skeptical. The W.I.T.C.H. [Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell] appeared and hexed the committee. Chairman Henry Royce consented to have "these charming witches" stricken from the record.

Practically the only other areas of the Teach-In that furthered the liberation of women were the discussions about population. It figures.

If you felt like Giving Peace a Chance, you could sign the Pledge of Social Responsibility, an ENACT publication, in which you agree to have no more or no more than two natural children. "Social responsibility" normally has very little to do with the real reasons why people make babies, and all the population experts that spoke pointed out the fact that if everyone in the U.S. today replaced himself, the population would continue to increase for at least fifty years or so. The reason for this is that, with over half the population now younger than 25, the proportion of people not yet old enough to bear children is much larger than it would have to be to achieve a stabilized population, where the median age would be between 35 and 40.

The best analysis of the problem [that I managed to hear] was given by demographer Lincoln Day, who, in collaboration with his wife, wrote the book *Too Many Americans*. He said that we have to find ways to prevent women from being bored into having a third, fourth, or fifth kid. He maintained that day care centers and mass transit systems will be essential in lowering natality. [And while Ralph Nader would say, "You'll never get decent mass transit unless you make the administrators ride it," we're thinking, "Come the Revolution, everybody will ride. What administrators?"]

For all the talk about life systems and ecological communities, there wasn't much said about seriously reorganizing social communities or about the merits of family units versus communal living where many adults could share the joys and responsibilities of raising [fewer] children.

But these words sound too much like Communism,

[Continued on Page 19.]

released when they couldn't fabricate any evidence.

The next day, Detroit was flooded with bomb threats against a wide range of oppressor institutions—Burroughs Corporation, McCord Company, WJBK-TV, and a junior high school. And the day after, a branch of the National Bank of Detroit, Michigan Consolidated Gas, Mumford High School, the Pontchartrain Hotel, and the Detroit City-County Building were threatened with bombings.

The tactic thus far has been very successful—enough bombs go off that do real material damage that the bomb threats are taken seriously. But the police reaction is going to require expert technology to deal with. At the Ann Arbor City Hall/Police Station, for instance, four fully equipped cars, floodlights, and a ready alert are employed at night to detect a surprise attack. And in the day, two fully armed pigs stroll the first-floor lobby and hassle anybody carrying any baggage, and anyone in general who looks suspicious. Other means will have to be developed than the simple direct approach. All power to the imagination!

Along those lines, some Detroit YIPPIES applied last week for a permit from newly-elected Detroit Mayor Roman Polanski Gribbs. The permit application was for official permission to use dynamite to blow up the General Motors Building in the Motor City. Gribbs' office gave a curt "no", and offered nothing in the way of apology or explanation.

The current uproar about the rape of the environment provides an opportunity for the corporate power structure of America that millions of dollars worth of advertising couldn't buy. Ecology can get to be big business.

There's a ready-made market for profit-making anti-pollution devices and the services of ecological consulting firms. The public can be ripped off to pay for cleaning up industry's shit, while at the same time supporting tax-incentives and other sorts of grants to industry. Well-meaning kids can be exploited as cheap labor in the Clean Earth Corps under image-building Governor Milliken.

And is there a better way to divert attention from poverty, the war in Vietnam and Laos, the colonial status of blacks in America and American militarism than to get people concerned about such things as the presence of beer cans along scenic highways?

But in the end, that effort has got to fail, and ecology will be turning people into revolutionaries.

Well over half the natural resources that are used in the world each year are fed into American industry. Not only does America rob the world of these resources, it wastes what it has stolen. It wastes them through an endless variety of unneeded goods [promoted by advertising and a materialistic notion of 'standard of living']. In the process, it has polluted the land, the air, the water and the life of the country.

America pollutes because there is an economic reason to pollute. Somebody is making money off that pollution and that waste. Our social and political systems determine what kind of technology we have and how it is used.

In America, technology is in the service of the corporate managers, who use it to gain power and profits, not to serve the people. Factories are designed to make profits, and eco-destruction

It must be true that there is a limit

to the number of people the earth can hold. But the growing population of the world has not caused the seas to be covered with an oil film, or the air over Detroit to become grimy, or the urban sprawl of America.

The Western colonial powers have socially and economically raped Third World countries in order to feed their own polluting industries. Imperialism has prevented those countries from using their own resources to support their populations. It is racism to talk of overpopulation without first demanding an equal distribution of the world's wealth.

Blacks and Third World peoples are the primary victims of white America's economic and racist imperialism. They are also the primary victims of America's pollution and wasted production. It is the blacks and the poor, not the corporate managers, who live in the poisoned environments in industrial areas.

American industry has polluted the very culture of the people, fostering a car culture, barren suburbs, plastic people hooked on consumerism, while stamping out un-economic diversity. Ecology is what the counter-culture is all about.

As brother Murray Bookchin, author of *Crisis in the City*, said, "Either ecology is revolutionary action or it is absolutely nothing at all."

doesn't cost anything. Labor is exploited.

People, and the land itself, are made to adapt to profit-making technology.

Workers are forced to labor at meaningless, dehumanizing jobs. Trees are chopped down and the land is paved over; the air is pumped full of dirt and chemicals; and rivers become sewers for industrial shit. And the power structure can avoid the real costs of its activity: poverty, pollution, starvation in the Third World and urban decay.

There can be no 'technological solution' to these problems until the system which causes them, capitalism, is destroyed.

RE-ENACT

WILD IN STREETS

By ANNE MILLER

Photo: KIP

ENACT's "most radical" program flopped last Wednesday, 11 March, as a crowd of 300 people gathered on the Diag to watch a mock trial of the automobile and then worked off aggressions by trashing a '59 Ford provided by ENACT for just that purpose.

The mock trial, a take-off on the Chicago Conspiracy trial, was the best guerrilla theater ever presented in Ann Arbor, and the crowd was genuinely aroused by the time the "defendants" lawyer—a girl playing the role of Kunstler—turned to them and demanded the people's verdict on the car.

Cries of "Guilty" roared from every throat, and it was clear that far more than the automobile was being condemned. The people were condemning Julius Hoffman and the whole pig system of injustice that he represents. They were condemning the corporate giants that have raped the planet in their relentless lust for power and wealth. They were condemning the whole power-mad system that exploits and oppresses the

people of the earth, and at that moment they were ready to do something—anything—to attack and destroy that system.

So they grabbed the two sledgehammers somebody had brought, and they lit into that old car like nobody's business, and they just plumb tore it to bits. It was a thrilling sight—300 clean, well-dressed college kids destroying—just totally demolishing—a '59 Ford purchased for them to trash out of ENACT funds.

But even that wasn't enough for some people, so they formed a procession of 200 people and marched on the Coca Cola Bottling Plant on Industrial Highway carrying some 20,000 empty coke cans, which they dumped on the Coke Company's front lawn as a clear and pungent protest against the non-returnable container. It was quite a sight. Of course, nobody wanted to leave an unsightly mess like that for the Coke people to deal with, so as soon as the demonstration was over 40 or 50 public-spirited boys and girls set to work and picked up all the coke cans again.

It's people like that who make America what it is today.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE ON MARY ST.

By DAVID FABER

It's a well known fact that kids in Ann Arbor do not have a great number of constructive options for nightly activities. There is no place in town where they can just go to sit around and talk, where they can hold meetings, a place where they could work, hang, and not feel uptight. The Ozone House is coming, and that will be far out, but it is not a government-sponsored endeavor. You would think that in our "advanced community" the local government would have established such a place long ago, especially when they expressed an interest in this type of project, e.g. the Faber Report.

A group of street kids thought the same thing, and formed the Free People's Party to present the city government with just such a request nearly five months ago. The City Council, especially Mr. Faber, seemed enthusiastic at first, but things soon bogged down, and now it seems the plan has been dropped.

Why would a city council which expressed such an avowed interest in serving the people, and helping take care of the expanding youth community, not follow through with the simple acquisition of an unused public building to be given over to the people? It would seem that they would want to give us a place

if only as partial reparations for the shameful and irresponsible actions of the agents of that government during the South U. pig riot last summer.

The city council is obviously not really interested in serving the people, but only wants to maintain the sham of liberalism as they mercilessly rip us off of our parks, our buildings, and our culture.

When Free People's Party approached the city council and asked them if a building could be provided for kids with nothing to do, the city council, through Mr. Faber, said sure, and said that an old public hall on Mary Street would be provided if the kids would fix it up. The kids readily agreed, and went down to Mary Street, where they found the door locked. The public had been locked out of the Public Hall. The kids went back and asked for the key, and were told that whoever had the key was on vacation but would be back the following Monday. The kids came back the next Monday, but the key was not forthcoming. They asked if they could unscrew the lock from the door, and were told not to.

In further encounters with the council and Mr. Faber they were told that they would have to raise a few thousand dollars to pay for, among other things, some kind of supervisor who would be in the building at all times making sure the kids did nothing "wrong". After five months of hassling back and forth the kids told the council to shove it and the city council won another victory.

At this point I called up Mr. Faber and asked him what was holding up the opening of the Mary Street house. He told me the kids had lost interest. I told him that I knew some kids who were very interested, and he said that money was needed to pay a responsible adult to supervise and for other costs. I told him that Genie Plamondon [the most responsible adult I know] had expressed to me a desire to get involved in the Mary Street House, and that she would supervise for free. The rest of the money could be easily raised.

Finally he told me that the house was intended for kids who were still in school. They don't give shit about us filthy dropouts. They beat us in the streets lock us up in their prisons, and will not even give up a piece of property they don't even use.

After talking to Mr. Faber, I tried to get through to the mayor, but the mayor leaves his phone off the hook all night, so as not to have to deal with the people any more than is absolutely required. Instead, he holds high-level discussions with other officials over his unlisted phone.

I finally reached the mayor with some difficulty the next day in his office. I asked him if he could give me any information about the house on Mary Street, and he said he knew nothing about it, and to ask Mr. Faber. I told him I had already approached Mr. Faber, ran down the information given to me, and asked if an alternative solution could be reached. He said I would have to ask Mr. Faber.

GENIE

"She can deal with those pigs—I can't."

—Pun Plamondon, about Genie Plamondon, his other half, who gives the following testimonial

June 17, 1968: A beautiful morning in the all-American college town of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Pun and I had just been reunited with our people, Trans-Love, for a week.

Three months before that we had all been living in Detroit, and the weekend of Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination was the end of Detroit life for us.

The whole city was shut down, put on curfew, for no other reason than the oppressors' fear of the wrath of the people—another insurrection like the historic one in 1967—and now the curfew put an end to it all.

The light show, head shop in the ballroom, the MC5—we were hungry and pissed off.

Me and Pun and Moses split. Somebody had given us an old '49 Chevy 3/4 ton pickup truck the week before, and Moses, an old friend, came along with \$200 wanting to split to Mexico, so off we went. We were gone for three months. We never made it to Mexico, we just traveled around the country, met a lot of people, did the traditional hippy cross-country travel thing, and it was a lot of fun. After about 9 weeks we started getting homesick for our people, so we headed for home. First we stopped in Pun's home town, Traverse City, Michigan, for about three days, stayed with some friends there, met new people, smoked dope, learned that our family had moved from Detroit to Ann Arbor, got really excited about it and came directly here.

We got right back into things, found out what was going on and loved Ann Arbor compared to Detroit's slum scum life.

On that June 17 we got up and started another great day—the doorbell rang and somebody answered it. Obviously two plainclothes pigs were at the door to hassle us for something—I was watching

[Continued on Page 22]

More dope on narks lurking about. The people report that an undercover slime who goes by the name Don Martin has been seen snooping around suspected dope dealers. He is about 5'10", with thinning reddish hair, and a goatee. He may drive a 1969 dark blue valiant, but this is unclear. Any information on suspected narks should be made available to the people through the Argus, so if you find out anything, stop by 708 Arch and let us know.

Exclusive: Meter Marauder Interview

An interview with the Ann Arbor Marauder [A new outlook on the parking meter situation]

Last week I was sitting in the Michigan Union Mug when I was accosted by a young, straight-looking guy who only identified himself as the Ann Arbor Marauder and beseeched me to join him for coffee. Being wary of this eccentric approach, I reluctantly accepted his invitation. My caution was warranted, for as we began to converse he exposed to me his sinister, evil plan for the destruction of our efficient Ann Arbor parking meter system. Fortunately, I have always wanted to be a journalist and took notes of our conversation. I sent copies of this article to Ann Arbor's three newspapers hoping that they would print it as a public service warning and I have changed my name to protect myself from this dangerous character. Below is an actual transcript of our conversation:

Marauder: Like I said before, I am known as the Ann Arbor Marauder and I am in the Engineering School.

Bosnia: So?

Marauder: I have been up for weeks devising a scheme to put a halt to the people-sucking, freedom-killing parking meter system in Ann Arbor. Do you realize how hard it is not to get a parking ticket in Ann Arbor and that the fines increase after one week from one dollar to two dollars to five dollars and from five dollars to ten dollars? And do you realize that after you have accumulated a number of these tickets officers of the law issue warrants for your arrest

and hassle you and throw you in jail if you don't come up with lots of money? And that in effect this means that people are forced to PAY for the use of the streets which should be free?

Bosnia: Y-yea [I answered somewhat frightened]

Marauder: Well, to remedy this situation I have devised what I call the Marauder two point program which I am now in the process of Implementing. It goes as follows:

1. All tickets on automobiles must be removed by the people. People must be careful not to be seen by any suspicious looking persons, but this is simple. In a test run, I myself collected 157 of these tickets in just two hours. Now I just remove tickets as I walk the streets doing my daily and nightly business. I find that this does not get in the way of my normal business and entertainment routine. The majority of these tickets I dispose of by flame, but I always save one or two and drop them in the mailbox with little messages like "Eat shit" or "Get fucked."

2. The second part of my program is known as "Operation Clog". I always carry on my person a tube of epoxy cement. Whenever I come across an unguarded parking meter, I fill up the coin slot with this cement. Through experience, I have found that this process works better if you stuff in as much cement as possible. I suppose any strong glue or cement would work, but the most suited are those which are putty-like and QUICK DRYING. Damage caused by such a plan may take as long as two weeks to remedy. In an emergency

situation when I am out of cement, I use bubblegum which will put the meters out of order for at least a day.

Bosnia: [At this point I was shocked.] Marauder: My only course of action now is implementation—spreading the word by talking to people like you. Eventually my two point program will be carried out by the harassed people of Ann Arbor, spread only by word of mouth—college dormitory pranksters, high school and junior high students, college students, street people, workers, doctors, lawyers, everyone. THE RESULTS:

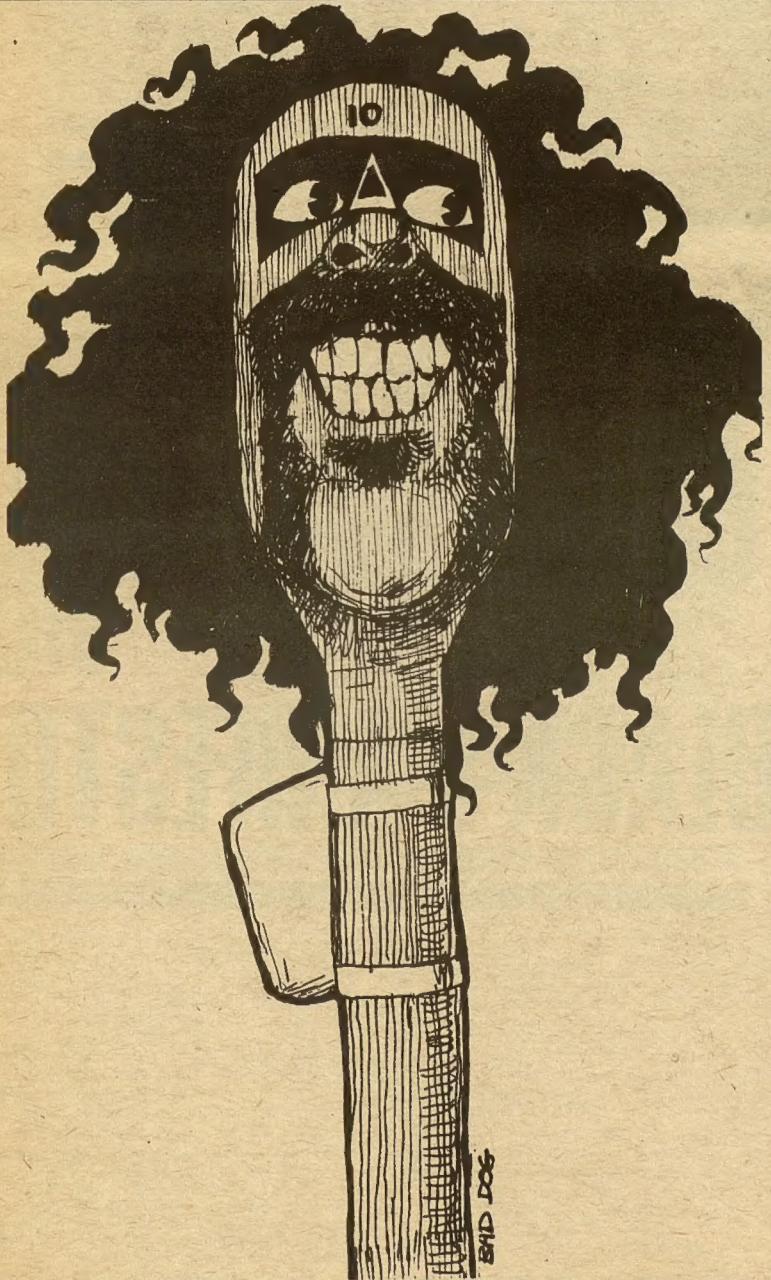
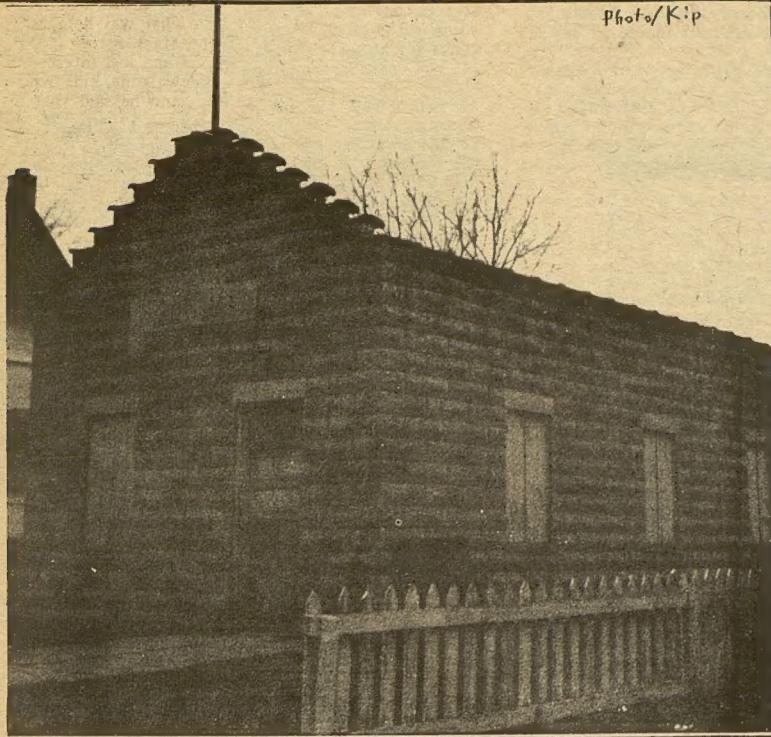
1. When people get warranted to pay their parking tickets, they will NOT have to pay increased fines for they can always say that they never received their tickets whether they did or not, and this story will be backed up by thousands of other cases.

2. People will not get ticketed when they park at damaged meters for there is no way they could have put their money in the slots. If these people are ticketed, they can demand to have these tickets voided.

3. Meter maids will be out of work. I know I can count on you to do your part.

Bosnia: Yes, yes, of course. [By this time I was shaky and almost nauseous and only gave an affirmative answer out of fear, hoping and wishing deep inside with all my might that this plan would and could never work. Please beware of this man and his kind.]

Your citizen,
Louis Bosnia
Ann Arbor



Tale of 3 Cities

Special to the Argus

KALAMAZOO—Heavy action hit the Kalamazoo kampus of Western Michigan University for 12 hours on Wednesday, March 11. The school administration headed by President James "Jimmy" Miller fucked over the people by unresponsiveness to student needs, specifically by denying student rights such as constitutional due process on a judicial level and by suspending student activist Roger Messer without a hearing of any kind.

At 12:00 the W.A.M. (White Action Movement) called a rally which resulted in a nearby Amuriklan flag being lowered to half-mast to express revulsion with Nix-on's war. Thirty Kalamazoo pigs moved on the people at 1:00PM and arrested 16 people in the usual brutal manner. Four thousand angry kids took the streets following this police action. Around four o'clock 300 state said moved into the campus area to maintain control of the people.

The battle escalated at 8:00PM as WAM called another rally. This time, the student government got legal permission to hold the streets. The high energy crowd proceeded to the Student Center and liberated free food, trashed windows, and left \$12,000 worth of damage in its wake. At 9:30, authorities declared a riot as pigs swept the streets for recalcitrant stragglers and street people.

Four demands of the White Action Movement, a group inspired by the Black Action Movement, which must be met by noon Monday, March 16 are 1) All charges against students must be dropped, 2) The Board of Trustees must accept the new student constitution, 3) The flag must be lowered to half-mast until the Vietnam war ends, and 4) student control of housing. Six hundred people have signed a petition stating that if Roger Messer is hung by the administration, then they'll hang with him.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill. [LNS]—It started with a small, peaceful rally Monday, 2 March. Within four days, the University of Illinois campus here had become a scarred battlefield, an occupied, curfewed zone—a Day After.

The outburst of student rage, which eventually saw thousands of people battling with every size, shape and brand of cop the state could muster, and which caused 900 National Guardsmen to be started happening before he had to split. I don't know man if this is coming across clear at all—I just know that it's super important and that we have to be the vanguard, that we have to take our ideas Radical Union to protest the presence of General Electric recruiters on the campus. At the rally, students who had been working at the GE plant in Danville, 30 miles away, explained GE's double-edged profiteering: its underpayment of its own workers and, as the nation's second largest defense contractor, its lucrative involvement in the deadly exploitation of the Third World.

After the rally several hundred demonstrators moved to the Electrical Engineering building where GE was recruiting on the third floor. They found all entrances guarded by police—one could visit the GE men "by appointment only."

Fifty students pulled down a fire escape and surged up to the third floor where they scuffled briefly with police. One cop was knocked out by a well-swinged bookbag. Several people were arrested inside the building, others were clubbed and arrested outside. GE recruiting stopped for the day.

That afternoon the Board of Trustees of the university cancelled Conspiracy lawyer Bill Kunstler's speaking engagement for Tuesday night, branding him "a clear and present danger" to the campus.

An angered crowd rallied in the Student Union at 7 p.m. and then, 5,000 strong, they swarmed through the campus hitting selected targets. Two-thirds of the windows of the huge oval Armory which houses the University of Illinois ROTC program were broken.

Windows in the Administration Building, the Chancellor's office, the Electrical Engineering Building, the Math Department and three nearby rip-off stores were also smashed.

Four hundred university, Champaign, Urbana and State police exercised little control over the crowd, merely picking up [with the assistance of frat men and jocks] isolated students here and there. By midnight when the crowd dispersed, they had arrested 24 students on charges including mob action, criminal damage, criminal trespass, resisting arrest and disorderly conduct.

SUNY BUFFALO STUDENTS SHUT IT DOWN WITH A CRASH

BUFFALO, New York [LNS]—Students at the State University of New York at Buffalo pulled off a series of actions for nearly a week in support of black athletes' demands and to get police off campus in late February. They fought with police, attacked political targets on campus and finally shut the place down on 2 March.

Black athletes had boycotted a basketball game on 24 February, demanding financial security for athletes, hiring of black coaches, an investigation of the athletic department by black and third world groups and issues of their treatment at the university. The Black Student Union held a demonstration at the gym that night. The next evening they met in the student union with supporters to make further plans.

In the midst of the meeting, cops from the Buffalo Tactical Patrol Unit burst into the building from both sides and began arresting people and smashing furniture as they cleared the lounge. Outside, the cops were met by a crowd of over a thousand angry students. Ten cops and two students were injured in the fighting.

The students then marched to the administration building and smashed windows there before moving on to the office of the campus security force. Every window in the campus cops' building was broken and some mechanically-minded demonstrators jumped the wires on two of the campus cops' station wagons, and sent them crashing into the building. The crowd moved on to the laboratories of Project Themis, a Navy research project on underwater warfare. The windows were smashed and a generator inside was blown up.

Thirty-five TPU and campus cops in full riot gear were unable to stop the crowd at this point, nor were 100 police with tear gas guns [the demonstrators stayed upwind], and eventually the police left campus.

On Thursday, 26 February, a rally of several thousand students decided to hold a student strike. The strike was so effective that the university was officially closed on Monday with most students and faculty staying away from class. The university obtained an injunction barring demonstrations on campus.

On Thursday, 5 March, students occupied and sealed off the university administration building in violation of the injunction. Later, 20 students, the people who had been politically active for the longest time, were suspended.

That same day, three high schools in Buffalo [two of them mostly black] went out on strike. One black high school was protesting the teachers' union rejection of the firing of a white teacher accused of being a racist, and the other was demanding a free lunch program. The third high school, a black and white vocational school, struck in support of the SUNY Buffalo strike. The high school students marched through downtown Buffalo where they fought with police and broke several windows.

On Friday, university students once again sealed off the administration building. This time they stopped up the drains in the basement and turned on the water mains. Engineers inspecting the building later said that the building would be unusable for a long time.

(Editor's note: Charles Thomas is the local representative of the Black Economic Development Conference. A long-time Ann Arbor resident, he has travelled extensively in Africa and Third World countries, and is a respected revolutionary. As the program of the BEDC is initially involved with demanding \$500,000,000 reparations from the church power structure, outlined in the "Black Manifesto," Thomas has been reading the Manifesto at Ann Arbor churches and synagogues. The reaction, of course, has been very hostile, to the point that one rabbi got a court injunction enforced by Harvey's deputies preventing him from reading. In this interview Thomas outlines the nature of the black liberation struggle—the seizing of state power—according to the Manifesto.)

Argus: The Preamble to the Black Manifesto states that some of the most militant black nationalists were the first to jump on the bandwagon of black capitalism, and it goes on to say that they are "Black Power Pimps." Who are the pimps?

Thomas: You're referring to the black capitalist programs of the Nixon administration, which uses blacks to deal out certain programs that they think will solve the problems of the blacks internally and externally. We know we have brothers and sisters being exploited this way by the capitalist system, and we're going to have to put a halt to it.

Argus: How do you deal with black capitalists—do you consider them part of the black liberation struggle, and if not, how do you deal with them?

Thomas: Well, rather than dealing with them, we have to fight for all the means of production to be put into the hands of the state, to serve the people. This means we take over all production of everything in the U.S. and work for a total socialist society, led by revolutionary black people who are concerned about the masses in all the countries of the world.

Argus: In another part of the Preamble, you say that blacks must assume leadership, total control, of the revolution. Do you feel that the Manifesto does this—puts you in a leadership position?

Thomas: We have to assume leadership, because we are the ones who are the most oppressed by the system, and so we are the ones who can best understand the oppression of others. Let's take Welfare rights. We've set up coalitions with poor whites, and we call for \$10 million given to the Welfare Rights Organization. We know that there are poor whites on welfare, and we're not separating them in terms of not giving them money. There are poor Spanish Americans and poor Puerto Ricans too, and we believe in them. That's the thing, the total humanity—dealing with all the people that are poor. We have to assume leadership of that, because we're not just talking about the United States, we're talking about the whole world, and only one half of the world's people are white.

Argus: There's a tendency on the left to see specific black groups, let's say the Black Panthers, as the vanguard, instead of black people in general. It's easy to relate to the Panthers because of the genocidal policy being used against them by the white power structure, but people don't realize that it's the black liberation

struggle that is the vanguard. How is the Black Economic Development League different from the Black Panthers?

Thomas: Ideologically, in terms of getting rid of capitalism, we have no differences. In terms of tactics, we have no differences. In terms of programs, even some of these are the same, since both organizations want to help the people. We simply say, we need some capital; we've

Ironically, some of the most militant black nationalists, as they call themselves, have been the first to jump on the bandwagon of black capitalism. They are pimps: Black Power Pimps and fraudulent leaders and the people must be educated to understand that any black man or Negro who is advocating a perpetuation of capitalism inside the United States is in fact seeking not only his ultimate destruction and death, but is contributing to the continuous exploitation of black people all around the world.

—Black Manifesto

got to have reparations. The Panthers have programs, and they say, if money is needed, the Federal Government should deal with their Ten Point Program. We say, maybe we should bring this issue into the church because the church has been very hypocritical. So we ask that the church pay reparations to the people. I don't see that we are in conflict with each other. They ask the government to provide, and we say that the church is a government structure, so it too should pay. The church holds huge corporate interests in foreign countries—tax free—and they're oppressing people. The church also contributed to the destruction of the family during the slavery period, because they bought and held slaves. So we say it's time they make reparation. I don't see where we have any conflict with the Panthers at all.

Argus: You're asking for 500 million in total reparations, and it seems that last year alone the government spent 24 billion, just in Vietnam. Since this is a realistic demand and you expect to get it, why so little—not only in terms of the hundreds of years of oppression, but also in terms of what the government has available.

Thomas: The 500 million you see printed in the Manifesto is only a beginning. The total that we call for is 3 billion, but because we don't control the white press, these numbers never get into the papers. We call for more from the church, and then we call for a better administration of the welfare system from the government. In fact, we should take that over; poor people should

take that over and run their own thing.

Argus: The Muslims have been buying land in southern states for about 10 years, and using it for co-op farms. Do you envision something like that coming out of this too?

Thomas: Well, yes we do, but we don't see it just in terms of farms. We also see universities developing out of this land, because we need a university to deal with the problems of black people. The economists do not deal with the problems of the black people; the cultural institutes do not deal with the problems of black people. There is no theory in terms of Jazz and Blues—our *r'n' sic*, our culture. We need cultural institutes for our own people, to develop our own things.

Argus: Do you view things like the Black Student Union, or black studies courses at universities as progress, or do you think that they are just coopted to keep the blacks happy?

Thomas: Well, something had to be done to get some cultural things out, but that's only a beginnin'. They're only doing a small thing there, and we want to do something larger than that. We want to hook that up with free universities, moving into places like Africa and Latin America, and getting into contact there through know-

We shall liberate all the people in the U.S. and we will be instrumental in the liberation of colored people the world around. We must understand this point very clearly so that we are not trapped into diversionary and reactionary movements. Any class analysis of the U.S. shows very clearly that black people are the most oppressed group of people inside the United States. We have suffered the most from racism and exploitation, cultural degradation and lack of political power. It follows from the laws of revolution that the most oppressed will make the revolution, but we are not talking about just making the revolution. All the parties on the left who consider themselves revolutionary will say that blacks are the vanguard, but we are saying that not only are we the vanguard, but we must assume leadership, total control and we must exercise the humanity which is inherent in us. We are the most humane people within the U.S.

—Black Manifesto

ledge. These are the kinds of things we need. They must happen, and we need the tools.

Argus: How are you, as part of the black liberation movement here, arranging contacts and developing unity with the Third World and African struggles right now?

Thomas: Well, one reason we are demanding that reparations be paid is so we can start these kinds of programs. We are prepared for a long-range struggle with the church, and we're prepared to fight them by any means necessary to get this money, to get our programs into action in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

Argus: Are there groups like the Black Economic De-

SUE-EE!

By KEN KELLEY

Hot poop on the latest shit from local archdemon Sheriff Smug, Doug Harvey.

We quote, unabridged, from last week's *Houghton Lake Reporter*, on Doug's escapades in that mid-Michigan town:

DOWNTOWN SHERIFF, DEPUTIES OBJECTS OF LOCAL COMPLAINT

Houghton Lake Reporter

Ann Arbor Sheriff Douglas Harvey was the object of a disorderly person's complaint filed with the Houghton Lake State Police 14 Feb. after he and five deputies checked into a local motel.

Mrs. Beatrice Pitts, of the Gas Light Manor on M-55 in Prudenville told State Police the sheriff and his men checked into the motel about 12:30 a.m. 14 Feb. and that she had difficulty in keeping them quiet. She said all appeared to have been drinking and that most did not go to their assigned units.

Officers, who received the call the next morning, arrived and learned that Sheriff Harvey and his men were checking out. Mrs. Pitts said she would not press charges if the sheriff and his men paid for all damages they caused to the motel.

The sheriff and his men paid the bill and left.

Then a report from two local bookmakers, who wish to remain anonymous, about their adventures shooting pool with the Sheriff. Apparently Doug is no Minnesota Fats, and was losing badly in a game with one of the bookies, going for double-or-nothing with each successive

loss. Finally, he quit, and when they demanded their money, the Sheriff became irate and dealt with them in the most direct way possible: he handcuffed and arrested them. After letting them sweat it out in the cell for awhile, he became convinced that they were truly repentant about their unreasonable demands for payment, and let them out.

And Doug proved his courage and manhood once again in a recent episode on the streets. He was cruising around the campus area with three of his fat-faced deputies, sitting in the back seat waving his shotgun around and pointing it out the open window, apparently drunk to drive. All four were dressed in full riot regalia and there were canisters of tear gas on the back window ledge. A fourteen year old brother was walking down the sidewalk opposite the pigs, trying to be inconspicuous, when Harvey leaned out the window, branned his shotgun at the brother, and called out, "Come over here, punk, I want to beat your hippie ass!" The deputy then squealed off, roaring with laughter. Wotta man.

On the legal horizon, Harvey is having his difficulties. When eight SDS people with long hair were arrested in the GE recruiter action last month, he literally SHAVED their heads and cut off their beards AND moustaches. "We treat everybody the same way—haircut, shower, and clean their toenails," snorted Harvey when asked about the scalping. Now the eight men have gone to top civil libertarian lawyer Ernest Goodman in Detroit, and they have filed suit in federal district court for \$200,000 damages. That's about \$2 per hair.

CHARLES THOMAS

BLACK MANIFESTO

We are demanding \$500,000,000 to be spent in the following way:

1. We call for the establishment of a Southern land bank to help our brothers and sisters who have to leave their land because of racist pressure for people who want to establish cooperative farms, but who have no funds. We have seen too many farmers evicted from their homes because they have dared to defy the white racism of this country. We need money for land. We must fight for massive sums of money for this Southern Land Bank. We call for \$2,000,000,000 to implement this program.
2. We call for the establishment of four major publishing and printing industries in the U.S. to be funded with ten million dollars each. These publishing houses are to be located in Detroit, Atlanta, Los Angeles, and New York. They will help to generate capital for further cooperative investments in the black community, provide jobs and an alternative to the white-dominated and controlled printing field.
3. We call for the establishment of four of the most advanced scientific and futuristic audio-visual networks to be located in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Washington, D.C. These TV networks will provide an alternative to the racist propaganda that fills the current television networks. Each of these TV networks will be funded by ten million dollars each.
4. We call for a research skills center which will provide research on the problems of black people. This center must be funded with no less than 30 million dollars.
5. We call for the establishment of a training center for the teaching of skills in community organization, photography, movie making, television making and repair, radio building and repair and all other skills needed in communication. This training center shall be funded with no less than 10 million dollars.
6. We recognize the role of the National Welfare Rights Organization and we intend

velopment Council in other countries, that are attacking imperialist churches in other countries?

Thomas: I know of two sisters that read the Black Manifesto in Paris. But since we don't control the mass media, we must wait till the committees gather all the news about this movement, put it together, and then put it out in book form. Right now Paris is the only other place I know of.

Argus: Let's deal with Ann Arbor and Washtenaw County—the situations you've encountered in reading the Manifesto. It's pretty hostile, to say the least. But what concrete good has it done in getting the churches to shell out the bread, just in terms of the church leadership?

Thomas: The church leadership in Ann Arbor is reactionary. You may have noticed in the Michigan Daily last November that the Rabbi of Beth Emmet was ready to open his synagogue for all kinds of radical projects. But when the Black Manifesto came along, these people closed-up shop. They were ready to go out in the streets and support Third World struggle, by violent means if necessary, but when we wanted to get reparations, they called in their own police to protect their interests. The church corporate structure is protected by the army nationally, by the CIA internationally, and by the police

We are therefore demanding of the white Christian churches and Jewish synagogues which are part and parcel of the system of capitalism, that they begin to pay reparations to black people in this country. We are demanding \$500,000,000 from the Christian white churches and the Jewish synagogues. This total comes to \$15 per nigger. This is a low estimate for we maintain there are probably more than 30,000,000 black people in this country. \$15 a nigger is not a large sum of money and we know that the churches and synagogues have a tremendous wealth and its membership, white America, has profited and still exploits black people. We are also not unaware that the exploitation of colored peoples around the world is aided and abetted by the white Christian churches and synagogues. This demand for \$500,000,000 is not an idle resolution or empty words. \$15 for every black brother and sister in the United States is only a beginning of the reparations due us as people who have been exploited and degraded, brutalized, killed and persecuted.

on the local level. They have investments, huge corporate investments, so they are part of the capitalist system. They are part of the power structure, and they use it when it becomes necessary to protect their interests. The church structure in Ann Arbor is no different than any other corporate structure, such as the University. The church and the University work hand in hand. They're all monopoly capitalists, and totally reactionary. So I haven't made much progress in terms of money. The only money that has been given to the Black Economic Development League is about \$700. Besides that, there has been a lot of talk, but when they stop talking they show how liberal they really are. The same rabbis

that would not let me in their churches were the ones who were supporting Hanoi to get violent with the American troops. They wanted to make U.S. troops get out of Vietnam, and I thought that that was nice, but when they support violence in the Third World and they won't even clean up their own home, I think they're just a bunch of hypocritical pigs. That's what they are, they're all pigs.

Racism in the U.S. is so pervasive in the mentality of whites that only an armed, well-disciplined, black-controlled government can insure the stamping out of racism in this country. And that is why we plead with black people not to be talking about a few crumbs, a few thousand dollars for this cooperative, or a thousand dollars which splits black people into fighting over the dollar. That is the intention of the government. We say...think in terms of total control of the U.S. Prepare ourselves to seize state power...

—Black Manifesto

Argus: Who was the one who said you could use the Unitarian Church, and then called up Doug Harvey to kick you out, and got a court order to prevent you from preaching there?

Thomas: Oh you mean Rabbi Harvey. This was Beth Emmet, these are Reform Jews, the Ecclesiastical Corporation. They went and got the sheriff and a court injunction to stop the reading of the Manifesto. They said it would cause irreparable damage to the people of the church if I read it. I don't think that any members of the Black Economic Development League had attempted to read it to a Jewish congregation before. They thought that James Forman was going to try to read it in New York and Boston, so they put an armed guard outside the temple.

Argus: What's been the reaction of the audiences that you've read it to?

Thomas: I've had some reaction from the Methodist Church, and some from the Presbyterian Church. Some people say that they are so affected by it that they will never come back to the church. Membership has fallen off, they say, and certain people said certain ministers should not have let me speak there and read the Manifesto.

Argus: Did you give them any notice that you were coming?

Thomas: This depends upon the church. Some people, I let them know a day ahead of time that I'm coming, and I give them a chance to show me if they really are racist or if they're going to call in the police. I usually check the church out ahead of time for signs of how they're hooked up in Vietnam, hands off Cuba posters, and that kind of thing. You know, all these liberals—early 60's liberals—who were talking all that game about the Third World and who support the systems there. And you find a lot of churches with a whole bunch of things in terms of the war movement—a lot of people in churches don't like the war. That they agree to that the war should be stopped. But they don't think and

they really don't know. A lot of them don't know that their church has that much money. They really don't know that it's a corporation stretched world-wide. The ministers know this.

Argus: Obviously the people don't know it, or they wouldn't ever put money in the collection box.

Thomas: Well, they think they can pay God off. They pay God off for an hour every Sunday morning. Then they'll go back out and do the same things another seven days and then go back and pay God again. Or confess. There's a big complex in this country for people to confess—always confession—or pay. That's the big thing. There's a big conflict there. Guilt-ridden individuals.

Argus: You've read the Manifesto in Catholic churches, Methodist, Presbyterian and Jewish. Is that all?

Thomas: Well, I read it at all three Catholic churches—St. Thomas, St. Francis, and St. Mary's. And I read it to the various Lutheran churches. You got Zion Lutheran and Trinity Lutheran. Within the Protestant church, you got the Presbyterian thing, the Episcopal thing—I've read to almost all the major denominations, except the Greeks. And that's about all.

Argus: Some of the churches are obviously more affluent than others. Is the church's reaction based on denomination or class?

Thomas: Let me clarify something about some churches in the country being less affluent than others. The total church wealth in this country, in terms of land only, is valued at 78 billion dollars. Now we're not going to talk about the corporate stocks, because churches do not have to reveal their stock holdings at all. But we do know that over half of the stocks traded every day on the Italian stock market belong to the Vatican. Not

Where do we begin? We have already started. We started the moment we were brought to this country. In fact, we started on the shores of Africa, for we have always resisted attempts to make us slaves and now we must resist the attempts to make us capitalists. It is in the financial interest of the U.S. to make us capitalists, for this will be the same line as that of integration into the mainstream of American life. Therefore, there is no need to fall into the trap that we have to get an ideology. We HAVE an ideology. Our fight is against racism, capitalism, and imperialism and we are dedicated to building a socialist society inside the United States where the total means of production and distribution are in the hands of the State and that must be led by black people, by revolutionary blacks who are concerned about the total humanity of this world.

—Black Manifesto

only that, the Pope owns the pharmaceutical company that produces 90% of the birth control pills sold in Italy. He also owns the Mercedes Benz Corporation. He's the biggest landholder in the world. And it's hooked up to Africa, Asia, and Latin America. When you look at it internationally, now, you have to think of the Pope on one of his pilgrimages to Portugal. He said to the Pope [Continued on Page 18.]

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Photo/Kip

to work with them. We call for ten million dollars to assist in the organization of welfare recipients. We want to organize the welfare workers in this country so that they may demand more money from the government and better administration of the welfare system of this country.

7. We call for \$20,000,000 to establish a National Black Labor Strike and Defense Fund. This is necessary for the protection of black workers and their families who are fighting racist working conditions in this country.

8. We call for the establishment of the International Black Appeal. This International Black Appeal will be funded with no less than \$20,000,000. The IBA is charged with producing more capital for the establishment of cooperative businesses in the U.S. and in Africa, our Motherland. The International Black Appeal is one of the most important demands that we are making for we know

that it can generate and raise funds throughout the U.S. and help our African brothers. The IBA is charged with three functions and shall be headed by James Forman:

a. Raising money for the program of the National Black Economic Development Conference.

b. The development of cooperatives in African countries and support of Africa liberation movements.

c. Establishment of a Black Anti-Defamation League which will protect our African image.

9. We call for the establishment of a Black University to be funded with \$130,000,000 to be located in the South. Negotiations are presently underway with a Southern University.

10. We demand that IFCO allocate all unused funds in the planning budget to implement the demands of this conference.

—Black Manifesto

CLOSE CALL

By PUN PLAMONDON
from the Underground

I have had the extreme honor of being on the FBI most wanted list, and for that of course I am deeply humble. But I just think people should be aware how little that means in terms of getting caught.

Friday night, 6 March, I was sitting quietly in my secret hideaway in Brother Bill Rowe's apartment in Detroit [Bill is the accountant for the Argus, Fifth Estate, and other revolutionary groups in the area]. I was sitting around playing solitaire and plotting the overthrow of the government, and Bill was quietly off in a corner doing some tax returns.

Suddenly there was a great commotion downstairs, and Bill and I jumped up to see what was happening. Four 1970 black Lincolns, with the words "FBI-CIA" clearly painted in orange dayglow paint on the front doors, were parked outside the front of the house, and six agents, fully armed, were climbing out.

Faster than you could say "off the pigs", Bill rushed me into the bathroom, plunged me head-first into the toilet, and flushed it. From my water-logged hiding place I of course couldn't hear what was going on, but this is the story Bill told me right after they split:

"They knocked on the door and demanded entry. I opened it, and asked to see a search warrant. One of the portly pigs shoved a rifle in my face and said, 'This is my search warrant, now get

the hell out of the way.' I am a reasonable man, and I did as they said. They ransacked the apartment for half an hour and, finding nothing [they just took a perfunctory look in the bathroom] they moved to the apartment next door, where the middle-aged matron living there was scared shitless [it was almost 2:30 in the morning, by this time]. Finding nothing there, they moved to the apartment downstairs, which was locked and empty at the time, and broke down the door. There again, of course, their search was fruitless. So they came back upstairs, told me they were sending a file of me off to Washington, and split. At least some of them did. Two cars stood watch outside the rest of the night."

Bill then came and with his revolutionary roto-rooter extricated me from the toilet. I climbed out, dried myself out, and resumed my game of solitaire.

That's about it for the story, except for one other thing. While I was terra-neously submerged, I met some outasite brother alligators, who make their homes in the Detroit sewers, most of them having been flushed down toilets after their slave-owners get tired of them or get afraid of their growth rate. They are really getting their shit together. They told me some plans for some very far out actions they intend to pull off in the next couple months, and it'll be very heavy when it happens. They are pissed off, and are going to be RISING UP ANGRY very soon.



By RENNIE DAVIS

CHICAGO—Block G. Tier 4. Cell 3. The time is 3 p.m., Feb. 21st.

Abbie, Tom and Jerry are scattered in cells across the corridor, caged up in 5x8 metal boxes 24 hours a day. We're in the hole, recipients of the "basement bargain" of Cook County Jail and in custody of men who are in a mad race to govern America's worst prison. John, Lee and Dave have been moved to "open tiers" where they can walk about, if they are willing to squeeze through the others who have been herded and shoved into quarters one-half the size required by even this country's backward penal standards.

It's a normal day. Radios and voices turned up full volume for a life of crashing, quarreling sound. It's like being chained to the pounding noise of a New York subway in rush hour, squashed by metal bars instead of human beings. I'm on my back, trying to think about my crime, when screaming alarms and crackling short wave radios bring me out of bed to my feet.

Twenty-three cells away, a man can look through a narrow window slit and see 26th Street. That guy—number 26—is the first to yell out. His message is passed along from cell to cell, picking up speed and volume, each man adding his bit, as the word is spread by a chain of human voices.

"They're outside, getting ready."

"They're outside, fucking with the jail."

"The Stones, the D's, the Panthers and the Conspiracy's outside, man, and they are ready."

By the time the message is delivered to cell three, it sounds like Division Nine of the Viet Cong is outside.

The guards panic. They blast out orders to the guys who aren't in solitary confinement to get to their cells: "Motherfuckers, lock it up. Let's go now. Lock it up. That means everybody. Lock the fuckers up."

Up and down the tier, steel slams into steel, as people are pushed into cubicles and their doors locked.

Inside the cells, the chatter begins.

"I hope they break in and tear this hole apart."

"Shit, I hope they remember to break me out."

"Hey, I'm ready. I got my shit packed. I'm ready in here, ready to run on out—yeh, I'm ready."

Guards double-time through the corridor in front of our bars. One stops to close windows near me. A Blackstone Ranger yells out:

"You better not go outside there."

The guard: "Why not. We got helmets and shit."

The Stone: "That ain't gonna do you no good."

The guard: "We'll see."

The Stone: "How many Stones are down there?" If those Stones get your ass, I'm gonna laugh. You nervous ain't you, guard?"

The guard: "I ain't nervous."

The Stone: "Best place of you is here, behind these bars where it's safe. Hey, is the National Guard coming?"

Guard: "The National Guard ain't needed."

The Stone: "How come you scared, then? You

know, if you guys would be nice enough to let us out, none of this would happen. Say, how many are out there?"

The guard: "I don't know, quite a few and they're still coming."

The Stone: "What would you do if you saw some of your kin folk out there?"

The guard: "Well, they ain't out there."

The Stone: "Yeah, but suppose they were. You'd have to split heads of your own kin, wouldn't you?"

The guard: "It just depends."

The Stone: "You better stay in here, motherfucker. If your kinfolk catch you out there they'll run you back in, after they beat your ass for being a pig!"

Through the closed windows, I can see men armed with shotguns dashing across the outer wall. A shout goes up:

"There they are. Kill 'em, kill them pigs."

The voice chain comes alive:

"They locked up the whole stinking jail so the motherfucking guards could go outside to defend this hole."

"Hey, Officer Baron, they told you to go outside. How come you're hiding around in here? You scared?"

"Break this motherfucker down. If they don't break this motherfucker down, they ain't doing no good."

"Hey 21 [referring to the man in that cell] turn that record off, I want to hear outside."

Number 21 turns his radio up. It blares:

"Thousands of demonstrators are protesting in American cities against the jailing of the riot defendants in Chicago."

Cheers, hollers and whistles go up.

Someone yells, "Hey, those white motherfuckers really getting it together."

"If the warden runs out they'll kill him, won't they number three?"

"You know the warden's going out, if he sees those TV's, he'll do anything to get his name in the papers."

"Hey, I can hear them. Turn that fucking radio off, I can hear them."

The tier settles down while the outside builds up a slow, steady sound, pushing through nearly a full foot of wall. It's faint but distinct. Five notes beat through the brick. No words are intelligible at first. Then they come:

"You can't jail the truth."

"You can't jail the truth."

The men inside pick up the chant.

"You can't jail the truth."

Someone says, "If you can't jail the truth, how come I'm in here?"

Laughter.

"Hey officer, open these windows, it's stuffy in here."

But the guard comes to my bars, smiles, gives me the fist, and starts opening the windows, letting the sound wash over him. Great cheers go up for the guard. I can hear someone speaking on a bullhorn faintly. It sounds like Nancy Kurshan.

Now the chatter starts again:

"If all the people out there was Stones, we'd get out."

"I want them to stop talking and come in here and get me out."

"It shows that people are okay. The people are ready to make this world free."

"You fucker, they ain't ready. If they was ready, they'd pack their shit on them and come and free us."

"Is Moe out there?" [referring to Winston Moore, the Warden].

"Yeah!"

"What's he doing?"

"He's out there running, trying to avoid an ass-whipping."

"They ought to kill him."

"Hey number 15, what they doing?"

"They're throwing snowballs and bottles at the motherfucking pigs."

"I hope they tear this motherfucker down."

"Kill Moe."

"Killing Moe won't do us any good."

"Yeah, but I'd be plenty satisfied."

"I heard someone say down here they cut the telephone wires."

"That's a good idea."

"Turn on WBBM [the all-news station] and see what's happening."

The radio bars up some cigarette ad, and then a voice beeps:

"In Washington D.C. several thousand youthful supporters of the Chicago Conspiracy defendants gathered across from the Justice Department to hear Anita Hoffman, wife of Abbie Hoffman, and William Kunstler, attorney for the Chicago 7."

"Later, the police had to push the crowd back. The crowd responded by throwing rocks and boards."

The announcement starts wild cheers and yells in Tier 4.

Then the radio voice continues:

"Firebombs hit a police station, naval recruiting office and the home of a judge today in New York." This announcement brings pandemonium.

Outside, a helicopter motor whirls directly overhead.

Someone screams: "Hey, they're coming over the wall down here. They're coming over the fucking wall."

Three guards scramble down the corridor towards that voice. The air is charged with electricity.

The Stone prays: "Come on and get me. O come on and get me. I better put on my shit. Everyone get your coats ready, we're going out. Oh blow a fucking hole in the wall right here."

The man next to me says, "Number 3, we should all start tearing up the courts. They're all railroad jobs and damn it, tearing up really gets results. We should all do what you did."

A chorus of "Right on" comes from both sides of the voice chain.

Slowly, the tension ebbs. The radios go back on.

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in the OZONE

By ANNE MILLER

Last June Harvey's Hogs enjoyed four days of rioting in the South U. area when street people moved off the sidewalks and into the streets. The situation had been building since the beginning of the warm weather, with more and more young brothers and sisters coming together on the sidewalks to talk, smoke dope, and watch the scene. Resentment began to build among the people as they were hassled by the pigs, South U. merchants, and uptight honk shoppers, to get off the sidewalks, even though there was nowhere else for them to go.

The Free Peoples' Concerts sponsored by the White Panther Party gave the people somewhere to gather once a week, but it wasn't enough, and even the concerts met with a lot of hassle from the oinker Ann Arbor government. When the point was reached where the street people were forced to take direct action by seizing South U. for a People's Party, the honkcommunity finally responded: the response was a police riot.

Since then, more and more people, especially young kids, have been dropping out of straight society because they just can't relate to it any more. Summer is coming, and they still don't have anywhere to go except the streets.

Fortunately, there are some people from a number of segments of the Ann Arbor Community—such as Canterbury House, the White Panther Party, and the Argus—who are aware of the street people's problems, and, more important, have realized that the honk culture of the establishment is incapable of fulfilling their needs. These people are now working together to create Ozone House, a place that will serve the needs of the youth culture.

When people want to get together with other members of the counter-culture, they can come to Ozone House. When they're out on the streets with no place to crash, they'll be able to find a bed at Ozone House. There will also be a free meal program to provide at least one nourishing meal a day, free, for anyone who needs it. When groups of people want to hold meetings to plan counter-culture activities such as free people's concerts and guerilla theater, there will be a room available for them to use at Ozone House. When someone's on a bad trip, they'll be able to find help and a friendly atmosphere at Ozone House, and if they need medical attention, someone will help them get to the Drug Center. When problems arise, such as busts, hassles with the establishment—anything at all—people will be able to call the Ozone House Switchboard, which will be manned 24 hours a day. There will be a free store providing for the clothing needs of the people, and any other needs that can be supplied from community donations. There will also be a crafts center where people can work on creative projects.

Ozone House is also working to establish a runaway program that would make it possible to give shelter to young kids who have an intolerable home life behind them and nothing ahead of them except the Detention Center, "training" schools, and foster homes. These kids need help badly, and it is becoming obvious that the current methods of dealing with them are more damaging than helpful.

One of the most important concepts of the counter-culture is that each and every one of us must develop a sense of commitment to serving the people. Ozone House will provide one important means for people to put that sense of commitment to work.

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Ozone House, local gathering spot for lonely freaks. Photo/Kip

ON OFFING

By DICK GAIK
from GOOD TIMES

SAN FRANCISCO—A longhair on Haight Street: "After you hold up the peace sign so many times and you keep getting your face smashed, well shit man, what do you expect will start happening?" It was Tuesday afternoon about fifteen hours after that bomb ripped apart Park Station injuring seven policemen.

On Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley a Krishna monk said "I do not deal on the material plane." Monday the monk had witnessed 1,000 marchers smash windows throughout downtown Berkeley, singling out banks and Safeway as special targets on which to vent their rage. "I do not deal on the material plane," repeated the monk as he stared at some distant point after I had asked for the second time what his reaction was to what was happening.

Last Thursday the first bomb went off. It was planted at the police parking lot at Berkeley's Civic Center. Two cops were injured and sixteen police cars were badly damaged. Monday night down in Palo Alto three hundred marchers hurled rocks through windows of office buildings at Stanford University. An unexploded bomb, its fuse burned out, was found at an Oakland paint factory Tuesday morning. And San Francisco police charge a sniper was routed by gunfire as he aimed his rifle with telescopic sights at officers outlined in the windows of the Hall of Injustice Monday night.

It had been a weird week. In Chicago Judge Hoffman was in such a hurry to pack the Chicago Ten off to prison that he didn't even wait for the jury to decide their guilt or innocence before he handed down his sentences.

"Fuck man, it's not just Chicago—look what they did to the Haight," said a dealer at the corner of Broadway and Columbus in North Beach. "This is just a taste of what these motherfuckers are going to get."

"I personally am against violence of any sort," said another Haight Street denizen. "But I've been hauled into Park Station and a lot of my friends have been too. So when I heard about the bomb it blew my mind. I'm not surprised the

place got bombed. What blew my mind was that it made me feel good."

People were flashing the "V" sign on Haight but it didn't mean "Peace" anymore.

"I guess it's a sign of recognition," said one longhair. "People talked to each other for the first time in a long time."

Many brothers and sisters on the Haight and in Berkeley weren't certain what to make of the bombing and what to make of the bombing and violence.

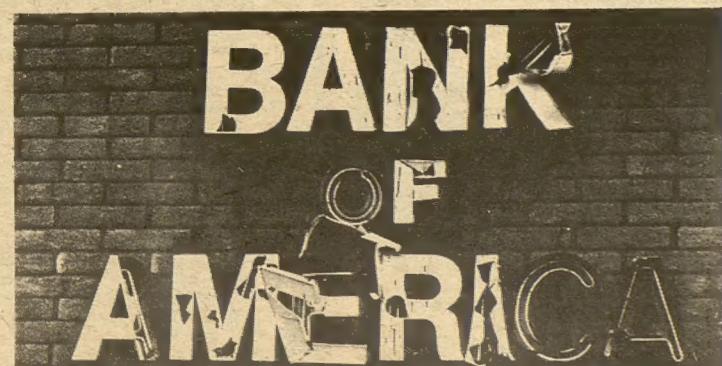
"From now on whenever a cop goes by a group of longhairs, he's going to feel the same fear that we did when we went

Alliance in Berkeley also opposed the bombing and violence. "We believe in educating the people, not killing them," said one.

Many of those who expressed their horror at the week's events seemed almost immobilized by fear.

Cooler heads recognized that many in the community have given up on the non-violent path and while they may not be ready to follow their brother's action, they refuse to condemn it either.

"Fuck man they're just trying to change the country so we can live in it," said one dude. "There are all kinds of ways to wage guerrilla warfare," said



by one of them," explained a head who was carrying his son on his back.

Some—about twenty percent of those I spoke with in both the Haight and Berkeley—believed the bombings and violence were a horrible mistake. John Rosengarten distributed a mimeograph letter he addressed to "the assholes who blew up Park Station."

"Dear Damn Revolutionaries," began the letter which said in part: "Who are you killing [kidding]? OK so you killed [?] a few cops. So what? Didn't you realize that by doing so you proved that you are just as low as you claim they are—that you are still functioning on the same animal level that you supposedly abhor?"

Two members of the Young Socialist

another brother. "The fellows who put glue in all the locks of the banks in the Financial District did an outasight thing."

"But most of us have been so fucking worried about just surviving. We've been so damned defensive while the cops have been driving us off of Haight, out of the city and deeper and deeper into our own little private worlds. The bombs and violence was people trying to break out of this. We've got to take the offensive again. We've got to get some joy back in our lives and stop acting like beaten people."

Most see it as the beginning of a long-term struggle.

"We're entering the first stage of the garrison state," said a long-haired doper

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**FREE
THE NY
PANTHER 21**



1st Degree Murtagh

By BONNIE BRITT

"He's a hangman, a hatchet man, and a killer. He makes Julius Hoffman look like King Solomon."

—a defense attorney in the New York Panther 21 case, commenting on trial Judge John M Murtagh—

NEW YORK [LNS]—New York State Supreme Court Justice John M. Murtagh has a police record. On 18 May, 1951, he was indicted and arrested on charges of "willful neglect of duty" during his term as New York Commissioner of Investigation—from 1946 through 1950, under the infamously scandal-ridden administration of Mayor William O'Dwyer. He was released without bail; the case ended after a long, slick legal battle that kept him from ever having to as much as formally answer the charges.

The prosecutor in the case explained it thus: Murtagh, a personal and political protege of O'Dwyer, was aware of pay-offs, stand-in arrests, collusion in the police department to juggle police records, inefficiency among the higher echelons of the police department and corruption all along the line. Murtagh's own files were used as evidence against him. The file showed that top cops had large bank accounts and that plain-clothesmen admitted owning thousands of dollars in war bonds, the sources of which they could not explain.

In Brooklyn, a zealous prosecutor

decided he wasn't going to let Murtagh off. Murtagh was brought before Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz and a Grand Jury. [Leibowitz, who was Al Capone's lawyer, asked Murtagh why the cops hadn't been prosecuted when the District Attorney had produced volumes of files from Murtagh's own office-files which incriminated the cops, including financial questionnaires from more than 500 New York cops.

Each time he was asked, Murtagh denied he knew anything about the rampant graft. On one occasion, Murtagh shouted from the witness stand, "Do you realize many of these men might have inherited that money? Many of them worked years for it! My investigation was exhaustive, but I owed them a common decency and courtesy. I would rather be humane than a dogged, unfair prosecutor."

The prosecution, armed with accountants' evaluation of the evidence, persisted for a while. But Murtagh spoke in his defense: "I made at least ten written reports to the Mayor...There was the Pledge matter in Queens, one in the Bronx, another to District Attorney Hogan and one in Westchester."

"The Pledge report!" shouted an incensed Judge Leibowitz. "They whitewashed that one too." [Joe Pledge, a bookie, had charged a police inspector with taking graft. But the tables of justice were turned, and Pledge himself became a defendant.]

wonderboy

By FRANK BARDAKE
From Good Times

The Knicks are on TV toying with the Detroit Pistons. Detroit goes ten, twelve, fifteen points ahead. But the Knicks are in complete control; they know that they can come from fifteen down in the last quarter if they have to. So here is the first half, and the game doesn't feel too good and the Detroit guards are hot, so the Knicks let them go, sit back to play some steady ball, and wait for that special moment that comes only to the relaxed and the proud and screams NOW is the time, grab it, seize it, run with it, move move move.

Jerry Rubin is in Ann Arbor. A two day break in the Trial and he is off and running. Get a cab to the airport. Buy all the afternoon papers and hope you can pick up the early editions of tomorrow's before the plane leaves, but all of that is automatic because you have known for a couple of months exactly what time all the papers hit the stands. On the plane you devour those papers like they were the best, most delicious food man ever tasted. First to the Trial. Oh those idiots, those idiots, they missed the story of the day. The black Chicago cop. A black Chicago policeman today testified for the defense in the trial of the Conspiracy Seven...

Then to the rest of the news: comparing coverage, digging the headlines, sensing the real stories, playing at being the reporter he was for five years. Don't be confused by the fact that Rubin spent a ritualistic year in Israel and one in graduate school before the Movement. In effect, he went from a job as a reporter on the Cincinnati Post and Times-Star straight to the Movement. Sure, while he was working full-time as a reporter he was also going to school and graduating from the University of Cincinnati—but that is what Jerry is like—his life always seems like the poor-boy-makes-good-through-enormous-energy-and-hard-work. So college was just something on the side. A reporter is what he was. And

still is.

Another story in the afternoon papers: twelve-year-old son of the editor of Readers Digest stabbed his father when the father returned from giving a speech to the Optimist Club about the generation gap. Now that is a story. A story written by a true yippie. Did that story jump out of the paper, hit you in the face screaming this, this is a story? Did it? If it did, you are a yippie. And if it didn't, you are a yippie too. Because we are all repressed yippies...Didn't you know that...

The first night we were in Chicago Jerry told Gwynne that "it is very unyippie-like not to love Dragnet on color TV." In the living room scattered everywhere are the underground newspapers—the Argus, the Seed, the Tribe, the Georgia Straight, the Good Times, the Rat—and Jerry is reading them all while he is watching Dragnet on color TV. Reading the newspapers and digging his trip. Everyone always said that Jerry loved to see his name in the papers. And we were right. Mainly because he loves the papers so much.

When the plane arrives he will take a cab to the campus and make a speech. When he is feeling right his speech will be a series of one-liners about the Conspiracy Trial, his life, and newspaper stories. Delivered rapid-fire with a lot of energy—imagine Bob Hope without his poses—and with the open smile and bright flashing eyes that are one of the conclusions of deep extended acid experiences. [One of the conclusions!] And there he is, Jerry Rubin, the most unlikely stand-up comic you ever saw. Once at Berkeley at a crucial historical moment Jerry had gotten up and read a WELL THOUGHT-OUT THEORETICAL MANUSCRIPT but he will never do that again. He is one of those people who can learn from mistakes. Now he has found his style and he is flying.

After the speech a group of people [a mixture of friends, acquaintances, people he has heard of but has not met, and people he does not know at all] will

take him to their place and they will sit down and get stoned and talk. And Jerry very soon will be asking the questions. —question upon question. When Jerry first came to Berkeley in 1963 the word on him was that he was an FBI agent. All he ever did was ask questions. He would sit on the terrace and some bullshit artist would be pontificating about C. Wright Mills and there would be Jerry taking notes. TAKING NOTES. And he went from table to table and group to group doing that. For ONE YEAR. Now wouldn't you figure he was a police spy? When we asked Jerry what he was doing he would say, "I am trying to figure out what I believe, what I should do."

After the talk Jerry goes to sleep. He sleeps well. Doesn't lie there brooding. Turns his head off, grabs in four hours as much rest as we get in eight and wakes up quickly, not wasting a minute to clear his eyes and shake his head.

That last paragraph is what is known as bullshit writing. Pretending as you write that you know about something when you don't know about it all. Pretending by giving details that nobody could know unless they really knew the situation, when in fact you are just making up the details. Tom Wolfe sort of invented that kind of writing, but Lord knows we have many a writer who follows his lead. I know that nobody sees the truth as it exactly is and that everybody writes from a point of view—nevertheless there are some men who make it their duty to write the truth as best they can as well as they know it and try not to ignore all those little bits of reality that dart into your mind and RUIN THE STORY, and then there are some men who make up the details to FIT THE STORY. Them are the guys to watch out for. They write paragraphs like the last one.

And that is why I think the yippies are dangerous. I don't mean dangerous to the state or the ruling class or any of

[Continued on Page 20]

Then Judge Leibowitz ordered the files seized. "Have these cards torn in a warehouse for use by the Grand Jury. Under no circumstances are they to go outside of the state," he warned.

Murtagh had made a big thing of his files before Sen. Estes Kefauver's rackets committee. Bell Telephone provided Murtagh with duplicates of all the toll card slips of the big gangsters in the New York-New Jersey area, and Murtagh vaunted the clips before the press and various "investigating" committees. But he never did a thing about nailing the cops or the gangsters who were stealing from the people.

Murtagh was scared. He figures that Leibowitz, by this time, had threatened Murtagh with a contempt of court citation for lying in court and for lying to the press. [Murtagh had told reporters that he was just "helping the Grand Jury investigation." But the Grand Jury issued a statement emphasizing that Murtagh was not helping the investigation—he was in fact being investigated himself. Leibowitz then told Murtagh to retract his statements and to apologize to the court. He did so.

Murtagh started a law suit to have the case switched from Leibowitz's jurisdiction in Brooklyn to Manhattan, where his friend Frank Hogan was the District Attorney.

Murtagh argued that if he had committed a crime, it must have taken place in Manhattan. His evidence? Well, he pointed out that everybody knows that City Hall is where his office was located, and City Hall is in Manhattan. The Supreme Court and the Appellate Division threw the suit out, but the Court of Appeals in Albany reversed the lower courts and ruled that Murtagh would be tried in Manhattan. [It has not been determined if Murtagh had a friend in

Albany.]

Now, Frank Smithwick Hogan is a very powerful man. He is one of the few district attorneys in the nation who gets to pick and choose the judges who will try his cases. A perfect example is the current Panther case. Hogan wanted Murtagh to try the Panthers, and everybody in the courts knew that Murtagh wanted the case. In Manhattan, a case doesn't go on a judge's calendar until the district attorney puts it there.

Time was running out for the prosecution of Commissioner of Investigation Murtagh. On the final day of the two-year period for the undertaking of criminal action, the Manhattan Grand Jury pointed out that the "key witness" refused to show up for the hearing. This witness was Mayor O'Dwyer, who claimed he could not come because he was engaged in "secret business" as the U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. O'Dwyer skipped out of New York just as soon as it became clear that he was about to be pinched for his super-corrupt administration. He stepped down from his ambassadorship a few months later but he stayed on as a resident of Mexico, operating a little business until the statute of limitations for criminal action against him ran out in the early 1960s.

In the meantime, many members of the O'Dwyer administration were investigated, tried and convicted for graft and corruption. Many others left their jobs in disgrace, including people in the top echelons of the police and fire departments.

Murtagh kept his judgeship after the Grand Jury "cleared" him. O'Dwyer awarded him the judgeship in 1950, just before hopping a Mexico-bound airplane. The Grand Jury let Murtagh go because they couldn't absolutely pin a rap on him. Their report is a significant

indicator of the facts in the case.

"We must comment at this time," the report said, "upon the mysterious disappearance of numerous documents from the Department of Investigation's files [this is the department that Murtagh headed]. This is obviously not a case of a few miscellaneous papers having been mislaid through mistake or carelessness. On the contrary, the unexplained absence of all documents reflecting adversely on the Police Department clearly suggests a design to eradicate all critical material from the files."

The Grand Jury report said that while "there is no evidence that the defendant [Murtagh] had anything to do with this puzzling circumstance, the shocking fact is, however, that not one of these documents, which concerned a most vital phase of the investigation, could be located; and that not a single person could be found who could or would supply the slightest clue as to where or how they had vanished."

The report continued: "It seems to us that the investigation ordered by Mayor O'Dwyer and conducted by the defendant, was hardly calculated to uproot corruption in the police department. In the first place, the fact that the defendant had been directed to investigate the department was blatantly publicized by the Mayor. The corrupt members of the police department, thus were put on notice of their peril and given an opportunity to cover their tracks."

The Grand Jury pointed out that O'Dwyer told Hogan that "highly secret, restricted matters" were occupying his time in Mexico and he couldn't testify about Murtagh and his dealings with him. However, the Jury wrote, "there is little doubt that the defendant was the Mayor's protege, dependant upon him for

political preferment and beholden to him for advancement in public office."

The Jury said that it had to acquit Murtagh because he claimed to have talked to the Mayor about the corruption in the cop department, and this technically was all that the law required. But the Jury added, one's "suspicion naturally is accentuated where the Commissioner follows a general practice of submitting written reports to the Mayor, then departs from it in a particular instance. The defendant, like his predecessors... ordinarily submitted written reports but failed to follow that practice with regard to the Police Department investigation."

"From the entire pattern of the investigation and the surrounding circumstances, we are thoroughly convinced that, in the mind of Mayor O'Dwyer, the uprooting of corruption in the Police Department was not, in fact, the true purpose of the investigation."

"Remembering that it was O'Dwyer who promulgated this investigation, that he was unquestionably cognizant of its direction and progress throughout and the defendant's confidential relationship with him, there can be no doubt that the defendant was merely carrying out O'Dwyer's purpose."

"Illustrative of these ineffectual measures was the highly publicized department 'shake-up' of August 1947, which transferred police supervisors of questionable caliber from one locality to another. This move, while stimulating decisive executive action, served only to provide different geographic spheres of activity for the same suspect personnel."

One year later, Chief Magistrate Murtagh, back on the bench, declared that the time had come for the voters of New York to elect a non-political candidate for Mayor. He cited Frank S. Hogan, who had announced his candidacy, as the type of candidate he had in mind.

[Editor's note: The following exchange between Judge John Murtagh and the defense attorneys for 13 Black Panthers, charged with conspiring to blow up New York department stores and other public buildings, took place on 25 February, the day Murtagh recessed the trial indefinitely.]

THE COURT: Yesterday the Court told counsel—
MR. BLOOM: If I may, your Honor—
THE COURT: You may not.

Yesterday the Court told Counsel that it has a formula for firmly maintaining the dignity of this court without in any way sacrificing the rights of the accused.

I stated that I did not intend to use the formula for a week or two. This was in order to accomplish the end short of using the formula.

It is obvious that other measures will not prevail. The continued misconduct of the defendants persuades me to use the formula without any further delay.

Frequently a formula is as effective as it is simple. If this formula proves to be effective as the Court believes it will be, it will be in large measure because of its utter simplicity.

The Court declares these hearings to be recessed indefinitely. That, in essence, is the formula.

The trial of the charges before this Court was delayed for some ten months only because the defendants refused to proceed to trial.

Reluctantly and only at the coercion of the Court, the defendants professed to agree to proceed to trial on 2 February, 1970.

The proceedings commenced at the request of being repeatedly interrupted by the contemptuous conduct of the defendants.

Although counsel claims to urge their clients to abandon such conduct, the defendants continue to defy the Court.

The defendants are unwilling to proceed with the trial of the issues before the Court under the American system of criminal justice and under the laws of the State of New York.

The Court and the district attorney continue to be ready to grant the defendants a fair trial to which they are entitled, but which they continue to reject.

Under all the circumstances, the Court has no alternative but to declare an indefinite recess in the hearings.

At any time counsel—counsel will have respect for the Court to which it's entitled.

MR. KATZ: I'm sorry.
THE COURT: At any time the defendants may make a motion in writing for a resumption of the hearings.

If the defendants and their counsel are sincere in wishing a speedy and fair trial, the Court expects that such motion will be filed within the next forty-eight hours.

The Court will give favorable consideration to the granting of such motion if—but only if—it is supported by an unequivocal assurance that each defendant will give complete respect to the Court during the continuance of the hearings and during the course of the trial to follow and an assurance that the defendants are now prepared to participate in a trial conducted under the American system of criminal justice. Such statement is to be signed by each and every one of the defendants.

If the motion is made and supported by such a written statement it will be granted and the hearings will resume properly.

If it is not made or not so supported the hearings will continue in recess indefinitely.

The defendants are entitled to a fair trial under the American system of criminal justice. Such a trial the Court and the district attorney are ready to give them. The only thing preventing the defendants receiving such a trial is their continued refusal to accept such a trial.

The defendants are resorting to contemptuous conduct to obstruct a fair trial. In view of their conduct to date the defendants must give the Court reliable assurance that they are prepared to accept a trial—and a fair trial. The trial will not be resumed until such assurance has been given.

This Court is responsible for maintaining proper respect for the administration of criminal justice and preventing any reflection on the image of American justice. That responsibility will be discharged.

Counsel are advised that the hearings—are now recessed indefinitely. You are not free to represent to any other Court that you are actually engaged before this part of the Supreme Court until such time as an order is entered directing the resumption of the hearings.

Prior to that time you are not engaged before this Court, and you will so advise any other Court before which you represent any other person.

The district attorney may move any other case on the calendar for trial in this part of the Court. I will take a brief recess until such matter is moved.

MR. MCKINNEY: May I make a statement, please?

THE COURT: The Court is in recess.

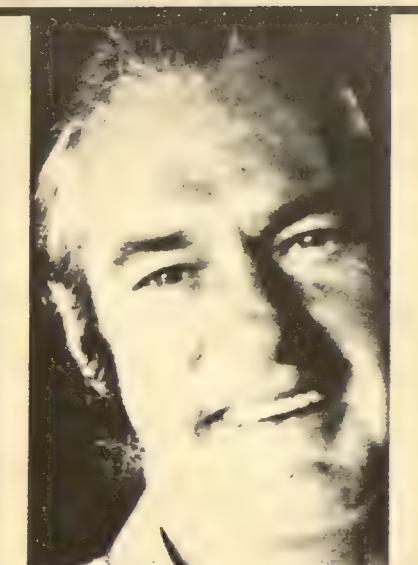
MR. MCKINNEY: I would like it on a point of personal privilege.

THE COURT: You have a right to make a motion before the Court. The Court is in recess. I will hear it in writing.

MR. MCKINNEY: I should like to express my objection to the Court's refusal to hear counsel, in view of the statements the Court has made.

[Hearings recessed]

Contributions can be sent to: Committee to Defend the New York Panther 21, 37 Union Square West, New York 10003



FREE TIM!

By STEW ALBERT

When Timothy Leary testified at the Conspiracy Trial he told the jury Jerry Rubin cherished the memory of Robert Kennedy.

"Tim, do you really believe that rap about Jerry digging Kennedy?" I asked.

"No, but there's a young girl on the jury who does like Kennedy and I was winning her over," Leary replied.

The young girl was Kay Richards who turned out to be the architect of conviction. Richards brought the two opposing factions on the jury together with a compromise verdict of guilty.

Tim thought he could talk his way into a peaceful love and good vibes revolution and out of any jail cell in Amerika. When the pigs finally put him away, he was totally unprepared and didn't even have his toothbrush.

A lot of people on the left are really

[Continued on Page 21]



ALCATRAZ



FOTOS/DETROITANIE



There is an Indian on Alcatraz named Brave Heart. He is from the tribe of Ogalala Sioux.

Brave Heart is a young dude, with black hair of shoulder length and freak's clothing.

Although he has no title, he fulfills the function of a holy man for the Indians who have seized the Rock. He's built a sweat lodge where men go to sweat and pray and prepare themselves for ceremonies. Near the sweat lodge is the teepee in which the ceremonies are conducted.

Brave Heart told a prophecy of the Ogalala Sioux, a prophecy that was a vision of a wise old man and has been handed down through the teachings of Black Elk.

It is a vision of the Four Snakes in which the snakes symbolize the various peoples of the world.

So there were Four Snakes; a red one, a yellow one, a white and a black one.

As the prophecy goes, part of the Yellow Snake joined with the Red Snake, and soon after the Yellow Snake was devoured by the White Snake.

Then part of the White Snake joined with the Red Snake, following which the White Snake was devoured by the Black Snake.

As time goes on, part of the Black Snake joins with the Red Snake, and then the Black Snake devours itself.

All that then remains is a Red Snake with Rainbow eyes. This snake is called "The Warriors of the Rainbow."

-Sundog -



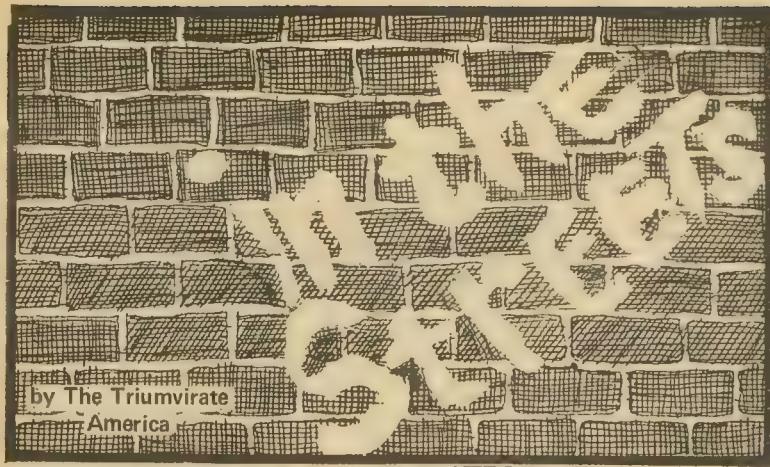
TRAVELER'S TALE



SRC



You've
Been There
Too.



GETTING OUR ROCK OFF

A special to IN THE STREETS by Franklin Bach
Up
Minister of Culture
White Panther Party

Here in the Ann Arbor/Detroit area we've got just about the farthest out music scene on the whole planet—it just so happens that more musicians have been able to keep their heads together and stay alive here than anywhere else. Our rock and roll is the baddest music of all time. It's the nitty-gritty, the most open, out front statement of how we feel and think and move and love one another there is. Rock has given us strength, kept us growing, set us free.

The pigs that run the system have always hated rock and roll because it told the truth about how young people felt about life in bullshit Amerika: fuck the schools and the factories, forget about that and let's have a good time dancin and gettin high and carryin on. Rock and roll is the opposite of doing what you're told, it's doin and saying what you are and what you want to be. And lately a lot of young people have started doing as they please—they're taking over their own affairs, trying to run things for themselves. They're making demands, calling strikes, and walking off jobs and out of schools to get what they want. They're smoking dope and taking acid and some of them are dropping out and starting communes to begin building a new way of life. The bosses of the system, the pigs, can't take that because they need all those people to work in his system and make and buy all that silly shit he produces to make himself rich, Rich, RICH.

As we all know, last year the MC5 put out their first album on Elektra, "Kick Out the Jams." The record shot them to the top of the Ann Arbor/Detroit scene, and it caused quite a fuss. There were a lot of great tunes on that album and a lot of talk about revolution, too. The 5 were hip to how fucked the Amerikan system is and they weren't afraid to say something about it. That scared the shit out of the big-assed bosses that run the system and they did all they could to put down the 5 and their record. They bad mouthed the 5 in the music magazines,

banned them from the radio and a lot of ballrooms, busted stores that sold the album and even busted the 5 when they were out playing jobs. Still the record sold like hotcakes [making the Top 30 in Billboard] and that's just what the pigs were afraid of.

The repression of the MCS kept coming down. Their record company fired them, their manager, John Sinclair, got thrown in prison. After a while they gave into the pressure and stopped talking about revolution. They got tired of the heavy action and just sort of got sucked into the system's bullshit version of life for the rock and roll musician—the stupid-ass existence of the pop-star. It's really a shame because the 5 stopped playing a lot of far out music that they were famous for. And even though the 5 are taking orders from the BIG-TIME producers and the BIG-TIME managers now, the money for them is just as small as it ever was. As they used to say, it's all just another ruse.

John Sinclair, now Chairman of the White Panther Party is right on when he says:

"...the new music is the model of the social revolution, and the new music band is the embodiment of the revolution in actual practice. The first thing is the commitment to the high-energy experience and the means for achieving it. The members of the band are equal in terms of commitment and responsibility, and they are totally interdependent, and they get out of it exactly what they put into it. If one member of the band is not up to par, the whole band suffers; if participation is not equal and equally intense the whole band fails. The most productive means is through total communal consciousness, where the band members live together, work together, do everything together—the more together they are socially the more effective they are musically."

So even the bands that didn't say a thing about revolution have been an example for the youth, and rock and roll has been the biggest force behind all of the changes that the young people are making in Amerika today. We are starting to build our own culture, and rock is the backbone of that culture, and our own way of life is totally opposed to the honky system.

Now, the youth or the rock bands, either, didn't start thinking about poli-



tics or any of that stuff, they just wanted to do their thing, have a good time and drop out of the pig's system and be left alone. But the pig can't take that, cause he depends on people to bust their ass for him and make him rich. He can't allow any system to exist that proposes an alternative to the pig system, especially as groovy an alternative as the one that's based on rock and roll and is getting together right underneath his own nose here in Amerika. The bosses will stop at nothing to keep their thing going, they'll bust people, draft them into the army, and, if that doesn't work, they'll kill people, like they're killing Vietnamese and black people every day. And so the pig has come down on the young people and their bands. They've busted us in our communes and they've even busted us ON STAGE on bogus charges like possession of weed, "indecent exposure," and "obscenity."

The pig knows, or at least hopes, that he won't have to put us all in jail to stop what we are doing, and he tries to scatter us, to frustrate and wear us down any way he can. The record company people and the booking agents and the club owners, even the music critics, all working for the pig and trying to get their little share of the pig's money—or rather the people's money that the pig has USED our music to squeeze out of the young rock and roll fans—keep telling us: "turn down and don't play so loud" or "you can't get away with that stuff in MY club or for MY record company," or "straighten up and play the music that the kids want to hear" [WE know what the youth, our own brothers and sisters want to hear, it's just that the pig is afraid, to let them have it]. The musicians are bullied and shoved around, harassed from every possible angle, and the ones that don't go along end up starving or in jail. A lot of the musicians that have played the pig's game just so that they could go on playing their music ended up sounding shitty as a result of all the hassle. Many dudes that started out as bad rock and roll musicians have lately been playing stuff that sounds more like the washed out plastic music of the pig, which is no fun to play, or to listen to either, and doesn't say shit to anybody.

So the pig has fucked with our lives and our music, and it's obvious that he will stop at nothing to keep his thing going. But what can we, the musicians, do about it? The first thing to know is that, although we didn't realize it when we started out, our lives and our music are very important politics. There is no way we can avoid it—every thing we want to do, everything we started out to do, is opposed to what the pig and his political system wants us to do. And we are never going to be free, really FREE to make music and live our lives the way we want until the politics of the pig bites the dust, once and for all, and is replaced by the politics of the people, us.

As musicians we have a lot of power in the youth community, whether we know it or not [and the pig certainly doesn't want us to know it]. Our brothers and sisters love our music and have put out a lot of energy and a lot of bread to hear us play. THEY HAVE GOT TO HAVE THE MUSIC and they pay attention to what we do and what we say. What we say and DO is more important to them than what some college student or somebody like that

says because we are the most important part of the youth culture, our music is the motivating force behind a lot of what goes down in the rock music-lovers' lives. So it's up to us to keep the youth community informed, to explain to them what's happening and suggest what they can do about it.

There are lots of different ways that the Ann Arbor/Detroit rock musicians have reacted to the contradictions in their lives, and our scene shows it. This is one of the most alive and varied musical environments anywhere. There are so many great, different kinds of bands—blues bands, hard rock bands, soul bands, rock-a-billy bands, jazz-rock bands, so many bands that defy descriptions or categories of any type. And just as there are different kinds of our music, there are at least that many different ways of relating to the revolution. [OUR revolution, the one that's happening right here in Amerika RIGHT NOW.] And just as many different ways of talking about and playing and singing about the revolution.

We have got to get hip to the fact that when we musicians are separated from each other and isolated from the people the pig has got us right where he wants us. It's the old divide and conquer game, and the pig will do all he can to keep their thing going, because they're badly outnumbered and they know if the people ever got together that would be the end of the pig system.

So our only strategy then must be to get our selves together, to organize and unite, for our own sakes. We have got to get together with the dudes in our own bands. We have got to get together with other bands. Most important, we have to join forces with the people. We have got to play for the people as often as we can, of course, we have got to put as much energy as we can back into the people, hipping them to where we stand, and to the fact that we all have to stand together to fight the pig and continue to build our own way of life. There is a saying that goes: "If you wanna get high you're gonna have to fight." And by fighting we mean doing whatever is necessary to oppose the pig, to bring him down [cause we can see that he never is going to leave us alone until we take his power away completely.] In that sense our performances, our rock and roll, is very important fighting. And every musician that really knows what's going on and is doing something positive about it is a guerilla fighter in the revolution. If you can dig that.

There are some long range things that we can start thinking about and talking about and planning right now that involves liberating the music business from the hands of the pigs. These involve rock and roll more directly. Like we could set up a People's Recording Cooperative that would make sure that all the bands were able to make recordings that would be sold to the people at the lowest prices thus reaching the biggest possible audience. And a People's Booking Agency that would allow all the bands to play for as many people as possible, with the bands getting whatever they needed to keep their equipment and their houses and their food and all that stuff together and improving with the level of the music. And the bands could take an active part in the setting up of gigs and big concerts and festivals that would show our music

[Continued on Page 23]

JOIN THE REVOLUTION

"Only a few years ago I was a nothing, plodding along in a nothing job. Then I joined the REVOLUTION! In only a few years I made it to the top. Now look at me." The REVOLUTION! needs young men and women like yourself. Drop by any time at one of your neighborhood trouble spots. Or talk to one of our friendly recruiters on the street. You too can enjoy the pleasures of rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets. Join up now—or there may not be a later.

Doctor Hippocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

"Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

I have a rather unusual problem. I am in my middle 20's and still a virgin. Now I am going with a guy with whom I am sure I will have intercourse quite soon.

The problem is, I am sure this guy doesn't think I am a virgin and I don't want him to know it. Is there any way to keep it from him when intercourse actually occurs?

Is the hymen when intact so difficult to pierce that the man would have to realize the situation? Is there usually a great deal of bleeding? And finally, is it likely that there would be so much pain that the woman's reactions would necessarily enlighten her partner?

ANSWER: The status of the hymen varies greatly from one [virgin] female to another. Sometimes no pain or bleeding occurs at all while in other women surgery is necessary to allow intercourse. Usually there is some bleeding and discomfort when intercourse is first attempted.

A gynecologist could answer these questions for you and, if you chose, perforate the hymen. But your boyfriend might want to do that for himself. Are you sure he'd be displeased to find you had never had intercourse before?

Antoinette Dishman was a 17 year old Barnard College freshman who died 31 January of a heroin overdose. She had sniffed heroin at a party and was found dead the next morning. Hers wasn't an exceptional case. Heroin overdoses killed more than 200 teenagers in New

York City alone last year. The drug is made even more dangerous when used in combination with alcohol or barbiturates.

Using heroin in any form is like playing Russian roulette. Not a very high game.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

If a girl's hymen is intact, how does the menstrual blood get out?"

ANSWER: Only rarely does the hymen completely cover the vaginal opening. One or more small openings permit flow of menstrual blood.

Cyclic pain and cramping without bleeding in a young girl may indicate an imperforate hymen. Prompt medical attention is then necessary to prevent serious consequences.

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I know the latest trend is to go without underwear, but even with my modest length skirts I wouldn't dare. My vagina constantly drips a milky substance. I am pretty sure it isn't a discharge of disease, because it is not discolored, doesn't itch, and I have had it for years. In the last few years this drip has become more of a problem.

Since I don't plan to go around without underwear, I am not worried about leaving a trail like Hansel & Gretel, but I don't like my underwear to look dirty after two or three hours. Sometimes my boyfriend will take off some of my clothes, and it embarrasses me to think he might notice.

I think the drip is the result of sexual

arousal, but since I don't think I'm abnormally preoccupied with sex, I wonder what to do.

This is really too embarrassing to mention to my gynecologist."

ANSWER: Chronic sexual arousal is, unfortunately, the least likely source of a chronic vaginal discharge. Common causes are trichomonias, fungal and gonorrheal infections, erosion of the cervix or a reaction to birth control pills. Your gynecologist will neither be shocked by your questions nor embarrass you with his answers.

"Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

The guy who thought up the enema idea for disciplining his wife is a genius! I used to strap my teenage spoiled-brat of a wife's backside until she was black and blue without noticeably improving her behavior.

But after tying her down and administering only one enema the improvement in her behavior is remarkable. She hasn't misbehaved since."

COMMENT: You'd better not turn your back to women's liberation.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

On a acid trip I took recently, my left hand and arm went totally dead on me. This has happened twice before on very heavy acid trips. I have taken acid about 60 times in the last three years if that's any more help to the

problem.

Anyway, like I said, my left arm went dead. I couldn't move it very well and I could barely make a fist of my fingers. In about 3 hours my left hand and arm were back to normal use but I was worried by the incident. Oh, by the way, it has always been my left hand and arm that have gone dead.

Is this a normal occurrence or is something wrong? I haven't taken any acid trips lately nor do I plan to until I find out about this.

ANSWER: All "LSD" available on the black market today is illegally produced by chemists who, of necessity, run makeshift laboratories. Compounds produced in these laboratories contain impurities which may be more dangerous than the pure drugs.

LSD is related to ergot, a substance which causes constriction of blood vessels including those in the brain. Ergot is a fungus which grows on rye and other grains. During the Middle Ages epidemics of ergot poisoning occurred in which the characteristic symptoms were gangrene of the feet, legs, hands and arms.

If I were you I would have a thorough physical examination. You live near a Free Clinic where you can speak frankly to a physician about these problems.

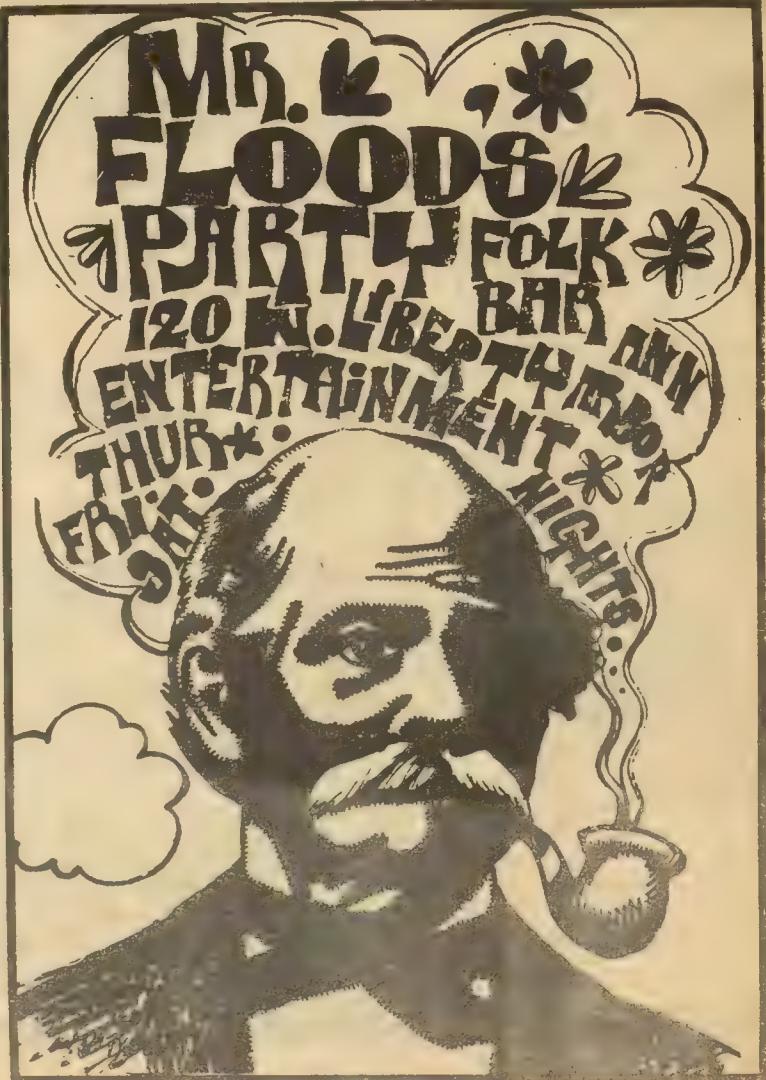
DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press.

Personal!

Martin Strings

have never ever
made anybody's
tuba sound better,
or a trombone either!

Try 'em on
your guitar



The Real THING

RIO PIEDRAS, P.R. [LNS]—Police opened fire 4 March on students demonstrating against the Reserve Officer Training Corps [ROTC] on the campus of the University of Puerto Rico. One 19-year-old student, Antonia Martinez, was killed. About 65 students were hospitalized, an undetermined number of them with bullet wounds. Fifteen persons were arrested in the course of street fighting that broke out after the shooting.

About 1000 students participated in the anti-ROTC protest. The trouble began when fires broke out in two buildings occupied by the ROTC staff. Firemen refused to enter the campus without police protection. Shortly before 7 p.m., units of the elite fuerza de choque, anti-riot cops, invaded the campus and began to push the students into the surrounding streets.

The cops opened fire on a group of about 200 students who had congregated near the entrance of the campus on Ponce de Leon Avenue. For the next four hours, police and students battled in the winding, narrow streets of Rio Piedras, a suburb of San Juan. Students threw stones and molotov cocktails through store windows and at the police.

LETTERS

25 November 1969

Comrades:

We are starting a defense campaign for a GI here at Ft. Hood. Enclosed is a press release about his case. We would appreciate it if you would enclose it in your newspaper.

Also you will find enclosed the first packet of information we are sending out



Coupon

This coupon good for one "Joan Baez: One Day At A Time". For only \$3.99 at either Discount Records in Ann Arbor. Offer ends APRIL 7, 1970.



Coupon

This coupon good for one "Carl Ogelsby" on Vanguard for only \$3.32 at either Discount Records store in Ann Arbor. Offer ends APRIL 7, 1970.

Coupon

This coupon good for one "Otis Spann Cryin' Time", for only \$3.32 at either Discount Records store in Ann Arbor. Offer ends APRIL 7, 1970.

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FREE BOBBY

STATEMENT FROM ELDRIDGE ON THE EXTRADITION OF BOBBY SEALE

[Editor's note: The mass media have been reporting that Eldridge Cleaver has called for race war in the United States. Quite to the contrary, what Eldridge said in a recent statement from Algeria was that America will be forced into the "nightmare of a race war" if the people as a whole—white and black—do not rise up together in a people's war against the fascist oppression, which right now is taking the form of attempting to murder Bobby Seale. The following is the complete text of Eldridge's statement.]

ALGIERS—The primary task of the American Revolution at this point in our history is to defeat the Number One maneuver of the fascist power structure which is to make an example of Bobby Seale by putting him to death in the electric chair in the state of Connecticut.

The fascists have already decided in advance to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in their all-out effort to destroy the leadership of the Black Panther Party and to intimidate our membership in particular and all other progressive people and organizations. This should be crystal clear even to a blind man. The vicious political persecution of Bobby Seale ranges in time over a four-year period—from the very beginning of the BPP—and geographically it follows a twisted trail of trumped-up charges from Oakland, Sacramento, Berkeley, San Francisco, Chicago, and now to Connecticut. The plot against Bobby Seale in particular is so outrageously obvious that even these shameless pigs should not have the gall to try to pull it off.

But the fact that they are going full-speed ahead with their disgraceful conspiracy should make it clear to the American people, once and for all, that a desperate hour is upon us and we have no time to lose if we are to salvage the situation. Because one thing must be made absolutely clear to America: no matter what the white people of America are prepared to accept, black people do not accept this ultimate attempt to bind and gag Bobby Seale with death, because of the fearless leadership that he has given to our people.

Black people will never accept this premeditated decision to murder Chairman Bobby in the electric chair. So that question is now posed pure and simple: Is America going to have a class war or a race war? The fascists have already declared war upon the people. Will the people rise up as a whole to meet this challenge with a righteous People's War against the fascist pigs, or will black people have to go it alone, thus transforming a dream of interracial solidarity into the nightmare of a race war?

Our brothers are being murdered in their sleep by the shock troops of the

power structure; our offices are being subjected to all-out military attack; our lawyers are being sentenced to prison along with us; and the fascist Nixon Administration has unleashed the political police of the FBI and thrown away all pretenses of justice and equality under the law. Lip service to the Constitution of the United States has been replaced by outright fascist terror and naked repression. Hundreds of our party members languish in jails and prisons, subjected to scandalously high bail, that are tantamount to RANSOM. Throughout the length and breadth of this depraved land the situation is the same. It is nothing but an attempt to sabotage the 400 year old struggle of our people for freedom and liberation.

Our minister of defense, Huey P. Newton, teaches us that in order to have security from the unceasing aggression of the enemy we must always be in a position to inflict a political consequence upon the aggressor for each act of aggression. This attempt to murder Chairman Bobby coldbloodly in the electric chair is an open provocation and the ultimate aggression against black people. It is a calculated step taken by fascist pigs in the unfolding of their vicious blueprint of genocide against black people.

We, black people, if we are forced to go it alone must be prepared to unleash the ultimate political consequence upon this racist nation. The ultimate political consequence which black people have in their power to unleash is RACE WAR. Indeed, we have been and at this very moment are victims of a systematic racist repression. The Black Panther Party, as everybody knows, has taken a leading role in trying to avoid precisely this disastrous RACE WAR which the fascist oppressors have been working night and day to bring about. But we cannot and will not continue this policy to the point of racial suicide. We will not sacrifice Bobby Seale on the altar of interracial harmony if white people continue to sit back and allow this ghastly plot to go forward. So if the so-called freedom loving white people of America do not stand up now, while there are still a few moments of time left, and put an end to the persecution of Bobby Seale, then black people will have to go it alone and step forward alone. This will mean the end of our dream for the class war which America needs and the beginning of the race war which America cannot endure. This is the political consequence which America faces because of this unspeakably evil attempt to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in the electric chair.

Eldridge Cleaver
Minister of Information
Black Panther Party

662-0582

by REX KIP

American Revolutionary Media-ARM—has begun in Ann Arbor as a coordinated coalition of revolutionary media, dedicated to serving the educational and informational needs of the people. ARM comprises Newsreel, the Argus, Radical Film Series, Polis [a revolutionary bookstore concept], Up Against the Wall Street Journal, ARM/audio, High School Free Press, Omega Press, Second Coming and Trans-Love Energies. Services provided will be primarily oriented toward the gathering and distributing of relevant community and political information. The ARMedia office is located in the basement of Canterbury House at 300 Maynard and can be reached at switchboard number: 662-0582.

ARM was initiated primarily by

national Newsreel people in the Midwest and East who saw the need for a coalescing of radical media energies to offer an effective alternative to PIGmedia. ARM is useful in bringing many resources and materials together for the collective use of all. In this manner the organization will not only deal with the oinks of the established media, but also is a sort of central nervous system to the movement.

ARMedia needs the help of people who have relevant information concerning movement activities, busts, planned police attacks on people, narcotics, and community problems.

The office is in operation 24 hours a day to provide a constant vigil over the affairs of the people. Anyone with office supplies, media materials, or technology to offer should contact the office immediately. "Freedom of Speech is guaranteed only to those who operate the media!"

Portuguese, "I'm guilty, I'm guilty, I'm guilty." Now the ruling hierarchy in the Portuguese government is Roman Catholic. They have a policy in Angola that extracts the wealth of the country. Now, how much of that goes to the church? Right. Right. Ian Smith in Rhodesia is a goddam Presbyterian. What does the Presbyterian Church own in corporate wealth there? How much corporate wealth do the Jews own in South Africa? Through Oppenheimer-Duboer, the Israelis control that diamond industry. We know that. We know those diamonds don't grow in the Negev Desert.

Argus: Is there any way of finding out exactly how churches invest their money?

Thomas: You see, the church does not have to make known its holdings. It doesn't have to. It's a closed board of directors. When you start talking about a board of directors, you might think progress is going down when you fight like hell and finally make the Regents open their meeting. Think of trying to make the Vatican open up their corporate meetings. Or any church.

Argus: And the churches are tax free.

Thomas: Right. Like they have a religious organization in this town which is very interesting. Remember the lawyers Devine and Devine who intervened with the court in the Harvey matter? He was the Supreme Court aide. Now on my injunction the Devine and Devine law firm represent Beth Emmet as one of their plaintiffs. And those same people sit on the Board of Trustees for YFU [Youth for Understanding], which is an international religious organization. You don't know what kind of power they've got. Robben Fleming's wife sits on the board of YFU. And because it's a religious organization, you don't know what kind of corporate wealth they own or what they do.

Argus: How have the different denominations reacted to you having read the Manifesto in their churches?

Thomas: With the Catholics it would be different than with the Methodists. The Catholics wouldn't call the police—they wouldn't give you any money, but they wouldn't call in the police. The police would be there anyway, but they wouldn't have no injunction to stop me with. The other churches, they call in the Man—the pig. They have a different reaction to me. The Cardinal of Detroit, Dearden, said they ought to handle it without incident. Of course he can handle it without incident, but that means he's not gonna give us anything.

THE ARGUS NEEDS

The Argus is YOUR paper. Every two weeks or so we put as much stuff together as we can to help inform people as to what's going on. We have NO vested interests, except serving the people.

That means we have a lot of enemies. We ain't complaining, because we know we're going to win. But it has to be a co-operative effort, and right now the Argus has certain acute needs that have to be met.

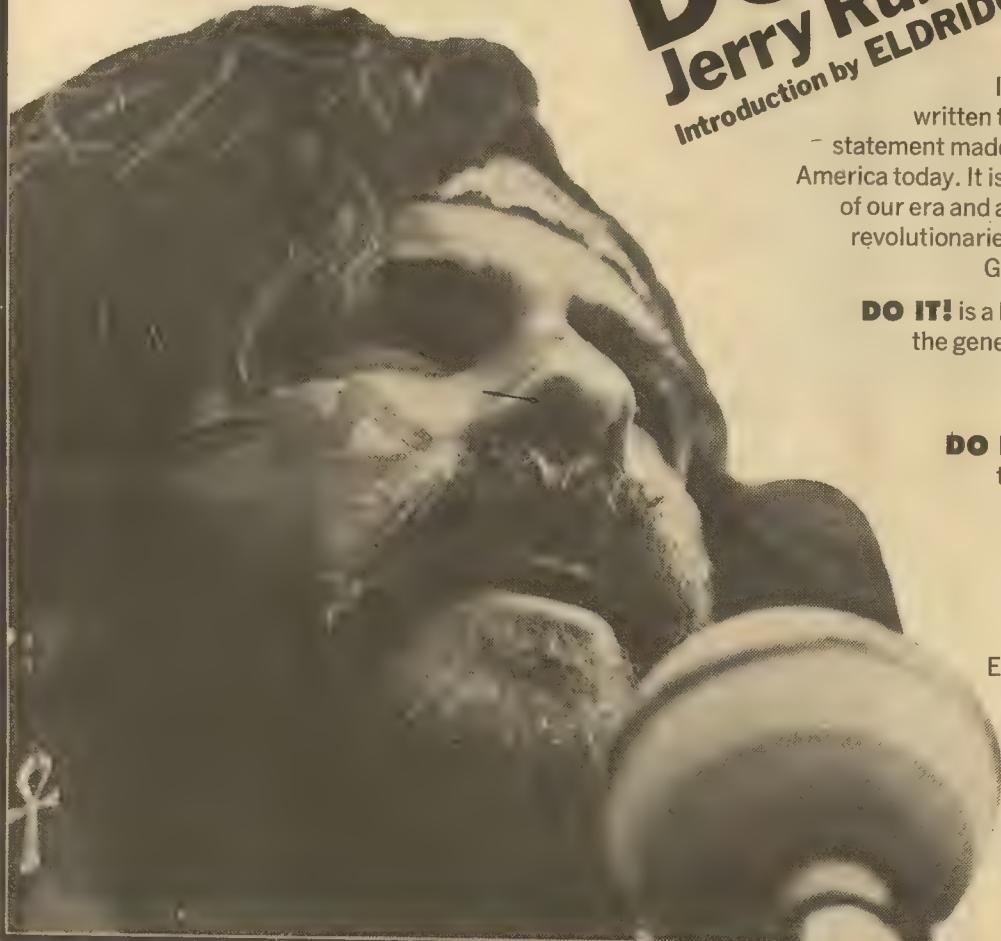
First, transportation. Anyone who knows of any kind of transportation available, free or very cheap, please stop by and tell us. Second, we don't have a very good camera—we desperately need a good camera, again either free or very cheap.

And of course, money. We all need money, and with the pig's increased repression, the bread has to be spread out to help as many people as possible. All we ask is that anybody who has bread and wants to help out, remember the revolutionary media, too.

One final note: For the uninitiated, you can make a whole pile of bread selling the Argus. Street vendors get 12 cents per copy sold, and a lot of copies are sold. Stop by 708 Arch Street and pick some up.

The Argus is a member of American Revolutionary Media, ARM.

NORMAN MAILER, in *Armies of the Night*, calls Jerry Rubin "the most militant, unpredictable, creative — therefore dangerous — hippie-oriented leader available on the New Left."



DO IT! Jerry Rubin Introduction by ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

In **DO IT!**, Jerry Rubin has written the most important political statement made by a white revolutionary in America today. It is *The Communist Manifesto* of our era and as a handbook for American revolutionaries must be compared to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*.

DO IT! is a Declaration of War between the generations — calling on kids to raise a new society upon the ashes of the old.

DO IT! is a prose poem singing the inside saga of the movement; it is a frenzied emotional symphony for a new social disorder; a comic book for seven-year-olds; a tribute to insanity.

Eldridge Cleaver has written an introduction to it and

Quentin Fiore has designed the book with more than 100 pictures, cartoons and mind-zaps.

Cloth: \$5.95, Paper: \$2.45
Simon and Schuster

Photograph/Rowland Scherman

ENACTors

[Continued from Page 3]

and, as Ted Doan will be the first to tell you, environmental quality is no better in Russia.

The classical solutions to over-population, namely famine and war, were mentioned only in passing, presumably because of their social unacceptability. But several speakers commented on a recent expansion of the "conventional wisdom" to accommodate such notions as abortion and birth control.

Mr. Day's hypothesis is also supported by the fact that the population explosion is being made predominantly in the suburbs. Added to that is the fact that these people consume several times more natural resources than their exploited counterparts.

The rationalization then becomes that we're all in this together and there's really no one to blame. Arthur Godfrey, who still makes over a million a year as junk pusher for Colgate Palmolive, was particularly anxious to avoid the pointing of fingers and to get on to "concrete proposals" [American land equivalent in area to all of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Delaware is already covered with highways].

Many speakers and most of the audience were obviously feeling the effects of fingers [usually, the first two in various combinations and postures] and were reacting with that emotion responsible for almost all of the "good works" in this society—guilt. Their children were going to die because of them.

Their religion tells them that this is only just. They don't deserve to live. It really isn't surprising, then, that Amerikans have been unconsciously killing themselves and everything else for years and right now at exponential rates. These people worship death.

When Godfrey the Patriarch stepped up to speak, the device he used to get everybody on his side was some quip about how he's been taking up space [and everything else] for too long and should be dead already. It worked. The radicals were joyous, and the Honkies related to it like the Crucifixion. When a pig is made to realize he's a pig, he may have a religious experience, but he'll still be a pig. Life is death and this is 1984.

Ecology, the subversive, science, is about life. And so are most of the things on the planet aside from the Western culture. I walked into a workshop on Ecology and Theology, and a Vietnamese woman was talking about Taoism. "The Westerners have a dual

view of God and Man as separate and in opposition. Eastern culture has a monistic view that Man is part of Nature and Nature is God." If I'd yelled "Right On!" she probably wouldn't have understood. But we smiled at each other.

There were no "authorities" at the Teach-In rallies to speak to the possibility of Eastern thought as a source for the vast changes of attitude everyone agreed were needed. Nobody on the programs thought that anything the Hippies might have to say was relevant to ecology. The only question from the floor concerning the lifting of the prohibition of psychedelic drugs as a possible source of insight was smashed [for not being related to the discussion] at a panel billed as "Man's Future: Struggle for Survival?" by ostensibly hip ecologist, Larry Slobodkin.

In general, unscheduled speakers were not tolerated. When the token radical, James Shapiro of Science for People, gave half his scheduled time to two local SDS people who talked about stopping University compliance with U.S. imperialism, the great silent majority booted out the powerful PA system.

The next night, before a panel of primarily state and local officials billed as an "Environmental Town Meeting," a natural resources student had the audacity to stand up and talk about specific ideas for the improvement of the Ann Arbor area. He talked for three minutes before Eddie Albert interrupted him with "These gentlemen are here to answer questions."

Similar incidents occurred in the workshops. It reflects on the planning though that the only people who felt the need to make statements instead of ask questions were those who had strong feelings about the relations of capitalism to the environment but didn't see their opinions being represented on the stage.

There's hope nonetheless in the fact that students everywhere have begun to deal effectively with this bullshit master-slave mode of Teach-In.

The "distinguished experts" suggested many "programs" to make the Earth whole. Disillusioned Ann Arbor Mayor Robert Harris rapped it out straight. In order to get something done you have to get some political power [Dig it]. "You have to become a lobby and elect your friends and throw out your enemies."

The catch is that you also have to finance campaigns. The litigation route costs money. Environmental planning and research costs money. Implementation costs money. Law enforcement costs money.

The kids aren't so sure.

In order just to clean up our pollution, Eddie Albert said we were talking about one trillion dollars—if we start now. The people who said we were all responsible talked about taxpayers and consumers as though they

meant somebody else.

Maybe we could get this bread [through liquidating the defense budget, taxing the churches or other impossibilities]. There's still no guarantee that we can buy peace on earth, even though some of the imperialists who came to town last week tried to buy off their conscience. [Ted Doan wasn't on the program until he donated \$5,000]

Murray Bookchin, sometimes characterized as an anarchist, has been an ecologist for years and was single-handedly responsible for nearly all of the redeeming social value of the Teach-In. "In order for this culture to survive in harmony with Nature," he said, "we have to question priorities and assumptions from A to Z. Everybody I've heard so far stops at N." "We have to do the impossible or face the unthinkable."

There were so many graphs of things increasing exponentially with time—everything getting bigger and faster. All we know for sure about this process is that eventually entropy wins and there's total chaos. The only way to transcend this is intellectually [maybe with a little help from LSD?] and come up with a workable system of free exchange of energies and materials.

As Murray said, we have to develop "ecological consciousness" which means that compatibility with life on the planet has to be the *first* consideration in everything that we hairless monkeys undertake—not economic consideration nor material security nor the conventional wisdom.

If we talk about preserving the institutionalized racism of the capitalist system, the black man looks up and says, "You talk about saving the environment. Just what environment are you talking about?" as Ed Fabre from the Black Action Movement put it to the crowd at the arena.

Barry Commoner, ecologist and with Ralph Nader popular hero at the Teach-In, patronizingly said, "We can learn much from the blacks to whom survival has been a way of life."

ENACT spent \$60,000 in the hope that people would understand that survival is the issue. Most of the constituencies that weren't represented at this academic World's Fair [blacks, women, and the Third World] don't need to be told this. Students of the future talked about the precarious relationship between what they call the haves and the have-nots. We shall see soon enough.

The trashing of the dilapidated Ford with three sledge hammers was symbolic of the whole week. They broke all the hammers, and the car survived with both axles intact. The pig's technology is stronger than the will of the people—unless the people are organized to smash that technology.

DETROIT PREMIERE
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11

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POINT

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ARGUS PAGE 19

OFFING

[Continued from Page 9]

in Berkeley. "The cops now have to pull some of their men off the street to start guarding police stations. While the windows were being broken Monday there were thirty to forty cops guarding Civic Center."

Taking a long toke on a joint, he continued: "Things are going to get a lot heavier. People are letting loose frustrations. Some are getting tired of waiting. According to the textbooks, terrorist action should come only after you've got an organization in back of you. But it doesn't look like this one's going to be fought by the textbooks."

There have been other bombings in the Bay Area over the past two years. Sixteen, according to the SF Chronicle. But this week's explosions have shaken the establishment and the community more than all the others put together.

Mayor Alioto has offered a \$5000 reward for information leading to the conviction of the bombers. Somehow this seems so typical of the establishment. Money is the only thing they think will solve the problem. They will try to buy a bigger police department, more cops, more cop cars, bigger and stronger police stations.

They will start trying to buy off members of the community just as they did in the black community following the big urban riots.

The pacification programs that have been tested in Vietnam will be tried here. They will spend lots of money.

"The fun and games are over," said one 17-year-old just in from a New Mexico commune. "We've got to get our shit together."

RUBIN

[Continued from Page 10]

that; I mean dangerous to us. They are self-proclaimed mythmakers. You make a truth by creating a myth. You make it true by saying it's true. You can see how this works. You create a myth about communes—make it beautiful and powerful and people will want to believe it and make it and do it and try to live up to it. And it does work. I just met some White Panthers here in Chicago living in an 18-room apartment building that felt like a warehouse. They were living in Ann Arbor in 1967 during the "summer of love" and they heard about the Haight. They heard the myth of the communes—a myth not made out of whole cloth but in no sense true—and they decided to get together and form themselves such a commune and they did it...more or less. [I wrote about how great it was to live in a commune four years before I ever could bring myself to live in one.] So the yippie trip does work. But it can fuck things up too. So many times people cannot live up to their myths, but they still talk as if they do. They live in bad faith—talking one way and living another—like all the bad faith we are living these days as we try to live up to the Revolutionary Man myth.

It is terrible. Let me explain. Living in bad faith is the exact opposite of the psychological basis [rather than the political or social basis] of the Revolution: ruthless honesty. Well—not ruthless. Honesty with a feminine touch. Honesty about your situation, but a willingness to construct an artifice so that you can continue to live. Living in bad faith is the opposite of that. An

unwillingness to face your actual situation and therefore—shit, I am getting lost in all this. Got lost when I started messing around with words: Ruth Less. Somehow every time I write anything I always feel like I have Marvin Garson hovering over my shoulder. Something much deeper than the fact that I wrote a sports column for his paper for a year. Beyond that. There are all sorts of ways that I measure myself by that man. I think that is what it means when you people measure their lives up against his life. It matters so much who a man's heroes are. Wow! To think that I take Marvin Garson for a hero.

What the hell, I thought, it is stupid to say that mythmaking is what is dangerous about the yippies. That is what is dangerous about all of us. In some ways the yippies did us the greatest service in precisely this area: they copped to the crime. They say, hell yes we are mythmakers, we are not telling the truth you better keep an eyebrow raised... "We are liars," they said in complete honesty.

Now, that is hard to get across in a trial.

EXCERPTS FROM ABBIE'S TESTIMONY [FILL IT IN YOURSELF]

And of course all us writers are probably Tom Wolfe—in sheep's clothing. Maybe the thing I didn't like about that paragraph back there was that it was bad, and not that it was made up. Let the buyer beware.

Nancy has gone to the laundry. She is also going to pick up some bacon and eggs. "If we had some bacon we could have some bacon and eggs if we had some eggs." In the third quarter the Knicks still trail. Early in the fourth, Cazzie Russell hits three straight jumpers and the Knicks move out beyond reach. Gwynne comes out of the bath into the living room, thoughtful and serious. "You know we gotta figure out something to do when the Trial is over. Think of

something really good and then maybe write something about and see what happens. I mean we are here and we gotta do something about. Testifying doesn't count. That is fun and you get your name in the papers. I mean we have to do something so that we are not just voyeurs."

I get mad at her because I do not know what to do and maybe down deep I believe that on some level NOTHING CAN BE DONE. My voice is irritated and non-committal. She pushes ahead. I get madder and try to lose myself in the last moments of the basketball game. Up goes her voice. I call her on it and we are off. Screaming and yelling at each other. Not too bad, but bad enough.

The fight lasts no more than five minutes. Gwynne discovers a magnificent way out. "Shit man I can understand if you just wanted to watch the end of the game and don't feel like talking now. Why the fuck didn't you just say that?" We both let it drop with that question.

Back in Berkeley there was a time when everyone put Jerry Rubin down. He had gone to New York and as usual, he was getting his name in the papers. We were somehow against success. Represented it. We revealed our one fear about ourselves: that we were in Berkeley because it was soft. Because we were afraid the rest of the world would eat us up. So we got into thinking that Jerry was not very smart. That he did not think things through the way we did. Well, I will tell you how far he thinks things through. He thinks them through just as far as he needs to. The so-called "deeper thinking" that we do cramps us and prevents us from acting. I am not saying that he is a fool, that he acts without thinking. Just the reverse. He structures his thought around the needs of action so that it becomes an instrument to help him seize the moment, grab the opportunity, be alive to the possibilities. What greater quality necessary in a political man?

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Leary

fleagle

[Continued from Page 11]

down on Leary. They think of him as being a counter-revolutionary medicine-man, making plenty of bread and teaching young rebels to kiss policemen.

Dr. Tim is a much more complicated human being and this explains why he is behind bars and not dining at one of Nixon's White House dinners.

"I want the radicals to answer one question," Leary always says. "Have I strengthened the capitalistic system by telling people to drop out or have I broken up?"

It's clear the thousands who listened to Timothy Leary and ran away from the school and factory were not making the world safe for Spiro Agnew.

Tim was one of the gurus for the first beat in San Francisco.

The Berkeley politicos crossed the bridge after an invitation from Leary's pupils and had their first meeting with the cultural revolution. It wasn't easy for Berkeley's Marxists to figure out the painted rock freaks of Haight Ashbury. Some politicos had about the same reaction as John DeBonis.

Leary was received by the crowd like some great god from another and much more fantastic cosmic plane. He told everyone they were beautiful and that was only a beginning.

The Yippie festival of life in Chicago was a true son of both Berkeley and the Haight and Tim was one of its first promoters. Leary never made it to Chicago because the pig vibes were too heavy. He was called a sell-out, but so much of the energy which exploded in Chicago was first set in motion by Tim Leary's one madman trip. This is why the pigs hate him so much.

Dr. Tim could never go beyond a kind of hedonic hucksterism as a means of organizing the revolution.

"We have to start acting like the majority," Tim rapped, "to talk about ecology, and astrology and be beautiful and make everyone love us and see we are more fun, we can win the Establishment over, we can win everyone over."

For Leary it was only a matter of being more groovy than Julius Hoffman to win people over. I guess Tim believed we could even get the hanging judge to love us if someone would just slip him a hash brownie.

Most of us learned in Chicago and People's Park that unless you were prepared to defend yourself there would never be anything to love. All good things would be taken away by the pigs including our souls.

To make an American revolution we will need both Tim's acid beauty and a 12 gauge shotgun.

Tim Leary is a very old fashioned guy. I've always thought of him as being not quite hip. In believing that everyone in the nut house could be appealed to with a mixture of reason and Utopian bullshit, Dr. Leary is really like a very Progressive College Professor whose ideas, despite everything, are thirty years older than reality.

Our lives are ruled by an army of hangmen who think of us as 'freaking fags' kidnapping their children for an evening of Mao and Marijuana. The more we show them of peace, love and good vibes, the greater their desire to strangle us. This is a truth Tim Leary doing jailhouse Yoga may finally realize.

I remember the Progressive Labor Party writing an editorial claiming Tim Leary was a CIA agent who gave the Movement LSD in order to serve Imperialism. PL came on heavy about how it was the true revolutionaries who would wind up in jail and not Leary.

The entire Central Committee of PL is on the streets. None of them have gone to the slam since the editorial was written. Tim is now eating prison chow so he must have done something to enjoy the honor.

Timothy Leary is a political prisoner. Not a brother, but one of our true fathers. We have outgrown his teachings but like good children we must take care of this cat and see he has a happy old age.

Free Timothy!

While the United States recovers from a year of the highest mark up in the cost of living index since 1951, Nixon had decided to battle inflation in the time worn out way of Republican administrations. He is trying to cut consumer goods spending while not touching the military.

What this means, especially for the workers of southeast Michigan, is a lack of work. Nixon has already slowed out spending so that General Motors car sales are down 30% while Ford is down 14%. To put that in human terms means that 1400 workers at Ford plants are now laid-off. Ford has also closed its Dallas plant permanently throwing 2000 workers out of work.

And who are the workers laid off? Remember all the hype the newspapers gave to "training program" for blacks in Detroit? After the Detroit riot of 67, Benevolent Industry was going to take all the "hopeless" blacks and teach them a skill—just to be nice. Now, most of those workers are back on the streets without any work because they do not have enough work seniority at the plants.

Chrysler, for example, has laid off 6400 men, and has even had to lay off some office help. At the Mack Avenue plant in Detroit a worker has to have been working since 1957 to keep his job. Even those working only work three weeks a month.

Being on the streets again after working is making the young blacks angry. One laid off Ford worker said, "You can't give a man something and then take it away. Man, what do they think we are going to do? Take it?!"

The situation will be getting worse. Many plants are dependent on the auto industry, and as auto production goes down, these plants will slow down. At least auto workers under their contract get half-pay for a time while they are laid off. [Other industries have nothing like that.]

Nixon is creating a potentially very bad

recession which seems to be his desire. But, what will happen with all those workers on the streets? An explosive, and potentially revolutionary situation is developing. Workers, both black and white, are questioning why they are out of work and why their unions can't do a thing about it.

Usually, a recession brings down prices. But, because the Administration has no desire to cut military spending, which is over fifty per cent of all spending, inflation will not be stopped.

We will possibly have what many economists consider an impossibility: a recession with an inflationary economy.

Such economic activity is beginning to point up forcefully the contradictions of capitalism.

General Electric sees no reason to negotiate a contract with its unions. General Motors refused to deal with the workers in Flint who are on strike. There will be more strikes this year because the companies will be happy to have the plants shut down.

Young workers, both black and white, will be hardest hit by the lay offs. These are the workers with less loyalty to the trade unions. They are likely to respond to their situation with action.

Women will be affected to a greater extent than men. General Motors recently closed a plant in Ohio. The men from that plant are being transferred to the Fisher Body Plant, where those rich Fleetwood Cadillacs are made. These men will be taking women's jobs. Most of the women who will lose their jobs were formerly on welfare.

One woman has already been suspended for passing out a leaflet against this action. And the UAW local at Fisher Body in Detroit, which is dominated by men, has refused to fight her grievance to arbitration.

The trade unions will be forced to take some sort of hard stand by their members. It is unlikely that after all these years of inaction, they can act effectively. But, Nixon will feel threatened by the unions and take a tough stand against them.

After all, there are people in power in Washington, for example, Attorney General Mitchell, who still believes that Walter Ruther is part of the Communist menace.

The news media are playing down the lay off and all that goes with it. But, just because you don't read about it doesn't think it isn't happening. The country is on its way to a recession, with all the ugliness that entails. And, with all the potential that creates.

Russ Gibb and Mike Quattro present in Detroit

a revolutionary media benefit

April 26

Details in the next issue of the ARGUS

Pizza Bob & a COCA-COLA

It is not every day that a fellow can travel 280 miles, from Chicago, through the Main Street of the Midwest, to Pizza Bob's in Ann Arbor, Mich., and have a coke-fifteen. It is not every fellow that that good fortune can fall upon.

Yet there I was, mildly stoned, sitting next to a man who is a lion with little girls, perusing a menu which boasted of a nineteen dollar and ninety-five cent sandwich which included 14 different slices of meat, three cheeses, 6 condiments, and a 33-inch bun. That is quite a boast. And a hell of a dinner companion.

Pizza Bob's is not plush. But Pizza Bob is very short, and very round, and is sure to have the shortest arms in all of Ann Arbor. He also is the most meticulous chef serving a so-called college community.

Never has this impartial observer, who after all did travel 280 miles for this event, observed a more orderly arrangement of Hershey's confectionary products. [Of course, the observation might be tainted due to the prior stop at an Ann Arbor newsrack/candy-store-type establishment. The latter was more in keeping with the herringbone style of storekeeping which prevails on the more effete Eastern campuses.]

The interior decor of Pizza Bob's can be likened to the school of design known as Las Vegas Grease-Flash. All lettering on the esthetically placed wall menus are in Riot Red and are, of course, hand lettered. The use of Riot Red also tends to attract the more active spirits to Bob's establishment [no pun intended.]

Bob, personally, rolls all pizza dough by hand. He then places the tip of his tongue in the left corner of his mouth so that it protrudes approximately three-quarters of an inch. Given this leaning, with his right hand he ladies the homemade sauce onto the center of the by now rolled, flattened and floured dough. Employing the convex surface of the ladle, he lovingly moves the sauce about

the surface of the dough, until every centimeter of that surface is inundated with the deep heat of the thick rich vibrating substance. Laying the ladle aside, he reaches into a half-gallon container of preserved mushrooms...pausing playfully for a moment...then splatters the desauced dough with handful after handful of the fungi—an unleashed Toscanini. Subtly changing the tempo, and the temperature, he adds cool white cheese to top off the creation. As spittle dribbles from his protruding tongue onto the pizza, he walks — no, he skips! to the

oven to place his embryo under life-giving rays.

Coke-fifteen is an experimental drug which Bob has been testing for 27 years. He himself is living testament to its effectiveness. My dinner companion, the one who is a lion with little girls, after shooting coke-fifteen into the vein in his left arm, spoke to me of eating a carriou pizza.

I would have traveled THREE hundred and eighty miles to have observed this.

-M.Seed V-

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ARGUS PAGE 21

EDAR

GENIE

[Continued from Page 41]

from the kitchen, somebody was astonished at what they were saying, many words being said. I went to see what was going on, and Pun came to see what was happening.

They had warrants for the arrest of Pun and Gary Grimshaw, one of our best friends, an artist who designed all our posters and handbills and stationary, for sales and/or dispensing marijuana on or about March something 1968 in Traverse City (we had gone up a bunch of times to see friends and get out of Detroit every once in a while).

Luckily Grimshaw didn't live in the same house with us in Ann Arbor—he got word of what was happening and split before they could find him (dumb pigs). But there was Pun, handcuffed—he kissed me goodbye and we all figured they would put a bond on him and we'd have him back in a matter of days—it took three months to get him out. They put a \$20,000 bond on him—no lawyer would touch it and we could never have raised that. It took three months for me to find a lawyer to get the bond reduced to \$4,000 and for me to raise the 10% plus \$100 for the bondsman to make the trip up there and do it. It was incredible. I couldn't believe it—we got so pissed off, we had to do something about all this shit—too many of our people getting thrown in the slam for the benevolent herb, taken from their families, their work—we were just peace/love hippies trying to do our thing.

Eldridge Cleaver was running for President. We started tuning into the Black Panther Party—what kind of hassles they had and the programs they initiated to deal with them. We learned that we were white niggers. We were hated and oppressed—we wanted freedom, for everyone—after all, this is America! They wouldn't allow me to send articles or pamphlets to Pun in jail, so when Huey P. Newton gave an interview to the Movement I copied it by hand within a letter and sent it to him; he got it. A great interview—in it, when he was asked what the white mother country radicals could do to help the situation, Huey suggested that we start a WHITE Panther Party—WOW! Of course!

We got Pun out, he came home, and we did it—It's all history. We saw who was doing what and appointed ourselves as ministers in our field—Grim started acting as Minister of Art from his place in exile, Pun became Minister of Defense, John Sinclair, Minister of Information, myself Minister of Communication (though at that time we were pretty male chauvinist so my title was Corresponding Secretary), we moved Skip Taube in with us and appointed him Minister of Education, David Sinclair became Chief of Staff, and we did our thing. It got heavier and heavier. People from all around the country started relating to what we were doing—we were becoming revolutionaries, dealing with the problems in our communities—chapters were being formed all around the country. Revolu-

tions organized Greeks.

And the pigs hated us so much they couldn't control themselves—it was bad enough to have all these crazed maniacs taking LSD, tripping out, dropping out, growing all that hair, smoking marijuana and taking off their clothes, subverting all the youth—but now, jesus christ, they want a REVOLUTION! Yeah, that's right, and not only a revolution in our own communities, but we're relating to the whole fucking CIO!M!M!U!N!S!T! C!O!N!S!P!U!R!A!C!Y! Freak!

It's getting heavy. The pigs are freaking out—their leaders are all grappling around on the floor trying to hold onto their power. John Sinclair, one of the holiest dudes on the planet, they put in prison for 9½-10 years and try to tell you it's for smoking marijuana—Huey Newton they almost gas (they want him totally off the whole planet they're so afraid of him!)—they drive Eldridge Cleaver out of the country. It's too much, they're getting vicious. Summer 1968 they come in their pants as they beat thousands of young freaks attending a Festival of Life instead of the Demokratik Convention. And right now, while I'm writing this today, they are sentencing seven more beautiful dudes to the slam because they're AFRAID OF THEM! And they've got the power, while we got a bad attitude! Fuck those champs!

October 8, 1969 (year of the holy doublesuck), the anniversary of the death of our heroic brother Che, the fucking Detroit Federal Grand Jury indicts Pun Plamondon, John Sinclair, and Jack Forrest (Detroit Captain for the White Panthers) for conspiracy to bomb the CIA office in Ann Arbor, charging Pun also with the actual bombing!

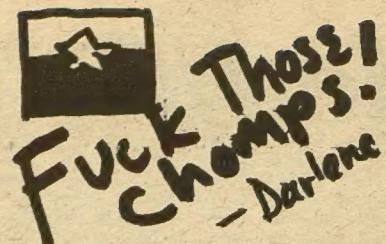
They then named a crazed, imprisoned self-admitted bomber turned state's witness in another case, David Valler, as a co-conspirator but not co-defendant! Who do they think they are? Who do they think we are? WE ARE THE PEOPLE, and we're not stupid. Period. But they sure are. Pun heard on the radio they were after him and he got away! They have forced him to take the struggle to a higher level—He's working underground, and the FBI can't find him. And dig this next one: They got to get somebody—this White Panther thing is running rampant all over the country. So after two years they intensify to get Grimshaw again, get to the very city he was in, get within blocks of his house and he gets away again. Whew! The FBI, after Grim with a federal fugitive warrant because of a warrant drawn up two years ago that he was never served with! WE ARE THE PEOPLE, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS—AND WE WILL NOT BE FUCKED WITH! You are greed-freak control addicts and we are OUT OF CONTROL COMMUNISTS, free spirits, with every intention of purging this planet of ours of all you pigs and the foul air and water and land that you have left behind you. I, Genie Plamondon, along with John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!!!! SEIZE THE TIME, OUTLAWS!!!!!!

Genie Plamondon
Minister of Communications
White Panther Party

various house programs. A campaign is being launched now to raise money to get started and also to inform the people of the Ann Arbor community about Ozone House. Anyone who wants to help out should try to make it to the next meeting, which will be held at Canterbury House at 3:00 p.m. next Sunday, and every Sunday thereafter until further notice. People should also try to send in whatever bread they can spare to help the good work. Donations should be mailed to Canterbury House, 330 Maynard, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104, and be sure to make it clear that it's for Ozone House. There will be a number of benefits, bake sales, and bucket drives before the end of the semester to gather more bread.

Ozone House is living proof that a counter-culture exists inside the honk mother culture that can deal with community problems, not by police riots and suppression, but rather by working together to satisfy the just needs of the people. All Power to the People!



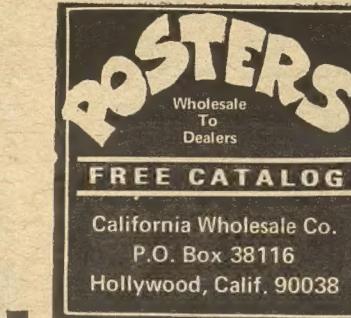
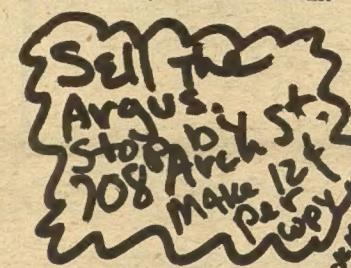
NASHVILLE, Tenn. [LNS]—It's war," declared Tennessee Gov. Buford Ellington. "We want every long-hair in jail or out of the state."

One week later, the governor's threat began to operate: 22 people were busted at a peaceful demonstration that was broken up by the cops without provocation. The arrested people were charged with participating in an assemblage of three or more people in which acts of violence occur. The crime is a felony that is strongly reminiscent of the Chicago conspiracy indictments.

Police shot hours of film at the University of Tennessee, and later they announced that all of the 3,000 people present would be subject to arrest on the felony charge at any time during the next three years.

Shortly before the demonstration took place, the chief legal counsel of the university attacked the planned protest, threatening students and faculty with reprisals if they participated, and promising bloody confrontations. He also revealed that the administration had compiled a list of the names of the school's political activists, to be arrested at the earliest convenience for whatever reason possible, according to a press release printed by the Up Country Revival, an underground paper put out in Knoxville, Tennessee.

The 22 demonstrators arrested at the rally 15 January were all on the list



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OZONE

[Continued from Page 9]

Plans are now set to move into the old Canterbury House on Division and Catherine sometime in May. The house is very large and there will be plenty of room for all of the various types of activity that will be going on there. It will be staffed by 5 or 6 people who will live there permanently, but the work of running the house and helping the people will be shared by all the people who have found help with their own problems at Ozone House. The Trans-Love/Argus Tribe will also be doing a lot of work on all levels both to help things get started and to keep it running once it is started.

It's going to take quite a bit of bread to maintain the house and finance the

Rennie

[Continued from Page 8]

Guards reappear, greeted with comments from the cells:

"Let me see how many guards come in here with a black eye."

"Tight ass motherfuckers."

"You was lucky they didn't kick the shit out of you."

Over the radio, we listen to the sheriff of Cook County, Joseph Woods, the man who promised in 1968 to organize a vigilante posse for use against demonstrators coming to the Democratic Convention.

Woods tells the reporter he had enough firepower and manpower to keep the lid on. He boasts of keeping the crowd out of the tiers and preventing the Conspiracy from seeing their supporters.

The Blackstone Ranger next to me listens and says, "That motherfucker is scared."

A black guard pushes his face into the bars that hold the Stone:

"Let me tell you something, motherfucker. Negroes such as you are never going to run this country, hear?"

The Stone laughs: "You scared too, ain't you? You scared of that Conspiracy girl out there on that horn, cause she's telling the truth. We're coming out of here. We definitely coming out of here. And if we don't run this country, this country won't run. Period."

I send along these notes as another reminder that somewhere, sometime, jailhouses have to be taken on. Most of the victims of this jail are black, rounded up by police and wasting in cages because they can't make bail. For them, every afternoon on G-4 ends as Conspiracy day ended. The cell door breaks open at 5:30 p.m. and the guards grant an 8-yard walk to pick up a plateful of garbage. Here on G-4, freedom comes in a stroll for a quarter pound pile of cooked starch, except for an occasional, beautiful moment when the people outside remember and gather to help generate a spirit of resistance to those who say, "Fuck you, Moe. We're coming out!"

IN THE STREETS

[Continued from Page 15]

in an atmosphere most conducive to the people's free participation in the new, revolutionary rock and roll experience.

Yeah, we've all been stuck too long in the plastic heart of phony Amerika—and that goes for our brothers and sisters the students and the hippies and the factory workers as well as us musicians—and it's time that we started thinking about getting ourselves together and doing something about it. We've already got our rock and roll and a good start on a new way of life. Now we have to start protecting what we've got and move to keep growing and getting farther and farther out as a people of a new nation—our own Youth Nation. As we become stronger and freer our music will get stronger and freer and farther out, too. When you think about it there's absolutely no limit to what we can do, once we're united, to change the music that is our LIFE that is the only answer to the contradictions of pig Amerika.

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ANN ARBOR ARGUS



ANN ARBOR
ARGUS

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ARGUS TRIBE: Kip Mercure, Darlene Pond, Kenneth Michael Kelley, Rex Hauser, David Wonderboy Faber, John Mikkelsen, Bob Kundus, and Anne Miller. ALSO THURS & SAT

COMPATRIOTS IN THIS ISSUE: Detroit Annie, Tom Nixon, and Don.

GRAPHICS: Bad Dog.

LOVERS: Terry, Peggy, Doug, Fuzzy, Genie, Leni, Lynn, Skippy, Hiawatha, T.R., Jamie, Sunny, Celia, David, Marsha, Bonnie, Billy, and the crazed UPsters. ALSO THURS & SAT

FELCHERS: J.C., Dolly, Diane, Michael R., Michael P., Calvin.

CARRIERS-ON: Righteous Rudnick, Brother Jesse, Neal Bush, Bill Rowe, Jim Stephenson, the Maulers, Terry Sheldon, the TRIBE, Jerry, Abbie, White Panthers and rebellious outlaws everywhere.

WHAT A CONSPIRACY!

Come to World Famous **PIZZA BOB'S**

814 S. State

Forannosaurus

CHICAGO [LNS]—U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Foran is contemptuous of the Chicago 10. Speaking before an enthusiastic group of 200 Loyola Academy Boosters Club members in suburban Wilmette on 26 Feb., the prosecutor vented 90 minutes worth of four and a half months of frustration.

"Bobby Seale had more guts and more charisma than any of them," Foran said. "And he was the only one I don't think was a fag."

The run-down on the deviants went as follows: Abbie Hoffman is "scummy but clever"; Dave Dellinger is a "sneak" who "uses people like a ventriloquist"; defense attorneys Bill Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass are "mouthpieces" who "have no sense of professional responsibility. They were incredibly unprofessional, and they deserved what they got."

What they and the other defendants got was an unprecedented total of nearly 15 years in contempt sentences. Bill Kunstler's 4-year, 22-day sentence is the harshest sentence for contempt in this country's history.

Referring to the defendants and Seale, who was severed from the trial early on contempt charges for attempting to conduct his own defense, Foran said, "They used that kid as though they were masters of the plantation. They used him so grossly and so callously that I can't see how the news media couldn't see it."

Foran seemed particularly worked up about press coverage of his cross-examination of Rennie Davis, the apex and glory of his vindictive career: "It was the hardest cross-examination I've ever had. That kid is as smart as a whip, but after two and a half days, I got him to admit that he had come to Chicago to discredit the government."

Meanwhile, the media was eminently unimpressed. "It never got in the papers or on TV," Foran whined. "Instead all they wrote about was Norman Mailer, who took the stand next."

"Mailer is a jackass," rasped Foran.

Foran told of the "superhuman effort" it had taken him to withstand the taunts and teasing of the defendants, particularly Rennie. "I was his man," Foran said. "He'd sit near me and keep whispering insults to me all day about my sexual prowess."

In his closing statement to the assembled school group, Foran called for action on the part of the parents of the younger generation.

"We've lost our kids to the fucking fag revolution and we've got to save them. Our kids don't understand that we don't mean anything by it when we call people niggers," he concluded.

"They look at us then like we're dinosaurs when we talk like that."

WINTERS·END



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MARCH 27, 28, & 29
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ALL THE TRIBES OF WOODSTOCK NATION WILL GATHER TOGETHER MARCH 27th, 28th AND 29th, IN MIAMI, FLORIDA TO CELEBRATE WINTERS·END AND PERFORM THE RITES OF SPRING. 600 ACRES OF QUIET COUNTRYSIDE WILL BE THE HOST. WINTERS·END IS THE HOG FARM AND COMMUNAL KITCHENS, INDIAN TRIBAL GATHERING, TRADING POSTS AND VILLAGES



ARGUS PAGE 23

JUSTICE/RANT

FOR BOBBY SEALE

Some days all I can feel is machine guns
machine guns and tanks, machine guns and bullets, machine guns and knives
and dynamite
ripping the fat bellies and fat heads of capitalists
destroying their institutions, their sacred property, their pitiful

nasty little lives
and all this just to set the people free—

Spiro Agnew shitting his pants in fear as the bombardment starts
punk-ass Nixon pissin and moanin in terror, Henry the Lind Ford
cringing in corner of the country club with Rockefeller and the rest of those creeps
golf clubs jammed up their ass
pissin Marvins and dividends

BLAM! The pentagon goes up in smoke!

That's for Pun, you motherfuckers!

BLAM! The Federal Building in Chicago, the Mayor's office,
Daley's pigpens, Police Headquarters—that's for Bobby Seale,
that's for Abbie & Jerry & Tom Hayden & Rennie Davis, John Froines & Lee Weiner,
and I don't think Dave Dellinger would mind either, that's for all the brothers and sisters of Chicago—
Julius Hoffman falls in a hail of machinegun bullets, Foran & Schulz,
punk-ass corporation counsels crippled forever trying to play cop—that's for SDS

and everybody else, you diskless creeps!

BLAM! BLAM! Las Vegas disseminates—Las Vegas and Frank Sinatra
and the rest of those crooks disabled forever!

Ronald Reagan stabbed through his black little heart with an icepick—

That's for Huey and Eldridge, you little pricks!
Max Rafferty, Alito, Cahill, the whole Berkeley Police Force, John DeBonis,
the Alameda County Sheriff's Department, Santa Rita, the TPF—that's for Bobby Hutton,

that's for James Rector, Charles Bursey, Richard Krech, Slew Albert, David Hilliard,
all the people of Berkeley and Oakland as in People's Park
Hawakawa blown up by a hand grenade—that's for

George Mason Murray you little punk!

BLAM! The Hall of Just-Us! The Presidio Stockade! The whole base!
That's for Los Siete Raza, that's for the Presidio 27!

LOS ANGELES AND SACRAMENTO! Century Plaza! The LAPD! singing
Leonard Deadwiler, Bunchy Carter, John Huggins!

I can't stand it! BLAM! 100 Centre Street! Whitehall Induction Center! the RCA
Building! Columbia University! The whole fucking shithouse! That's for the
Panther 21, that's for Jane Alpert, John Hugley, Sam Meville, Up Against the Wall

Motherfucker! BLAM! BLAM! Recorder's Court! The GM Building!
Fort Wayne! BLAM! Vernon Station! Gut the Wayne

County Jail and carry Gribs' head on pike! Free all the brothers and sisters
locked up in prisons! BLAM! Colombo! Stringfellow! Kapigian! The whole fucking lot of them!
That's for John Sinclair & all jailed dopesters.

BLAM! The State Police post in Inkster! That's for you, Darnell Summers!
The whole state of North Carolina for Robert Williams! South Carolina and Strom
Thurmond and all those assholes! Key Biscayne! Sam Clemente! John N. Mitchell

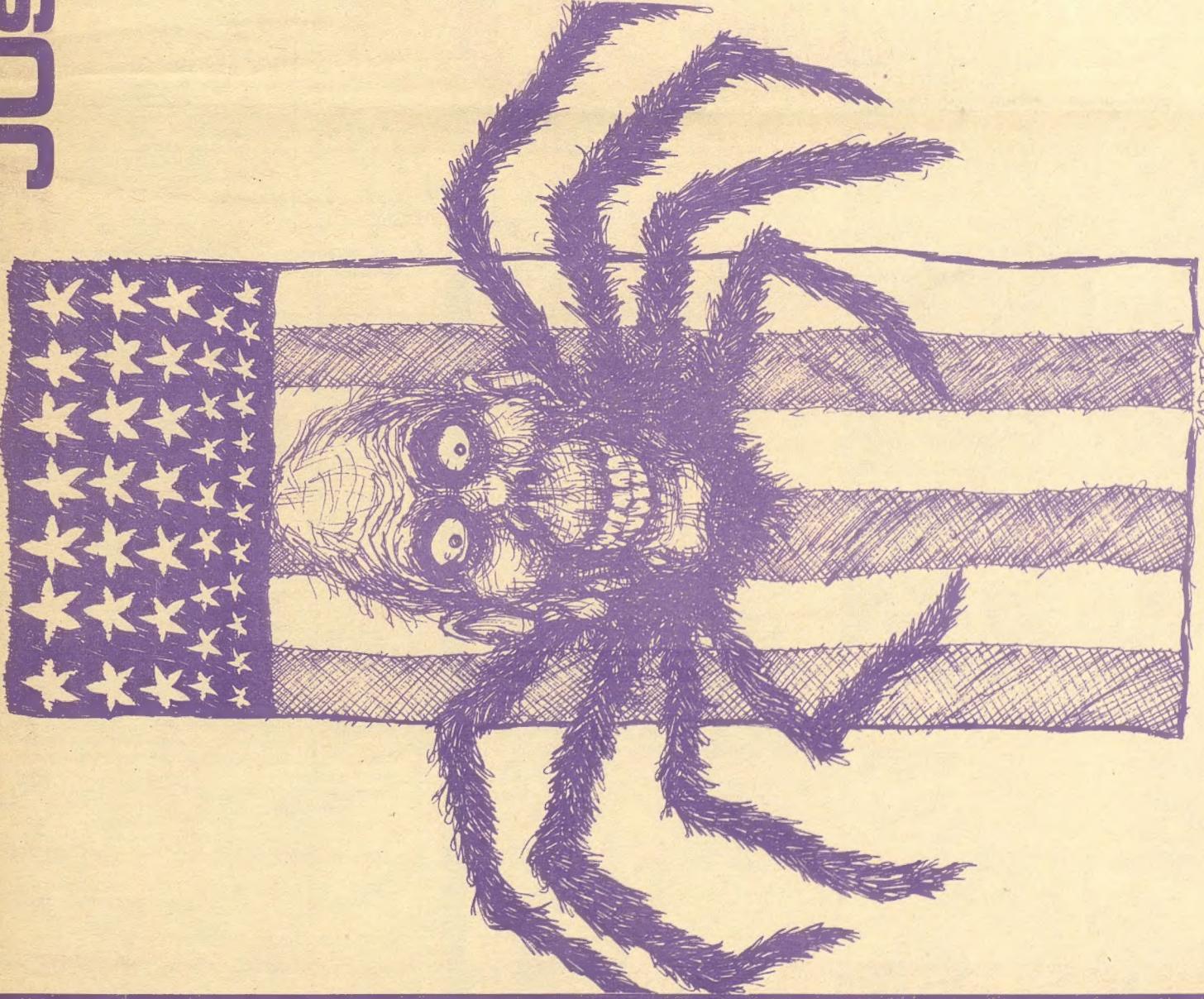
slaughtered on the White House grounds! Richard Helms! J. Edgar Hoover
and their whole staffs with knives in their yellow bellies! BLAM!

BLAM! Langley Virginia home of the CIA! That's for Fidel and Che!
Rip this whole rotten motherfucker apart! Doing Harvey hung with his

dick sewn in his mouth! The Oakland County Sheriff's Department
slanghethered en masse! Law books shredded and burned! Stocks and bonds destroyed forever!

The whole fucking system is a mitsrial! We want JUSTICE! JUSTICE! JUSTICE!

John Sinclair



REVEAL DIGITAL

Ann Arbor Argus

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